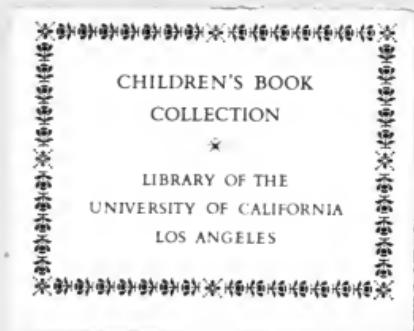


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Helene Chebot







THE WOLVES.

FAGGOTS FOR THE FIRESIDE,

OR

TALES OF FACT AND FANCY.

BY

PETER PARLEY.

WITH TWELVE TINTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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FAGGOTS FOR THE FIRESIDE,

OR

FACT AND FANCY.

INTRODUCTION.

Come, Girls and Boys — Black Eyes and Blue —
And hear a story told for you.
Lay down your books, John, Tom, and Rob —
Be seated, if you please. No laughing, Bob !
Just stir the fire, Ben. Steady — steady !
Hand me my specs, Jane. So — all's ready !
There go the tongs again, slam bang,
And pussy's tail has got a whang !
Poor puss — be wise — of boys beware,
And keep your tail with better care.
Sit still now, all, and hear the story
Old Parley's rhyme would set before ye.

The bright New Year has come ; and though
The night is dark, and chill winds blow ;

Though icy fetters bind the river;
Though in the blast the stern oaks shiver;
Though the lone wolf with cold is howling,
And the starved fox abroad is prowling;
Still by the fireside warm *we* sit,
And crack our nuts, or crack our wit;
Tell of the past, the future scan,
And laugh or sing, as suits our plan.
Well — let us not the hour abuse —
We listen to the New Year's Muse!

His days are fled — Old Fifty-Four!
And nought is left save memory's store :
A mingled heap of bread and honey,
Of sweet and bitter, sad and funny!

These things we pass, and ask you, Jane,
What you have done this year. Speak plain!
Nay, do not snicker, boys — your turn
Will come in time — nor spurn
The simple question; for 'tis wise
That each should backward cast his eyes,
Noting his track, its means and ends,
And where his beaten pathway tends.
No answer, Jane? Well, we must try
These boys.—Come, Robert! No reply?
Why, all can smile while other backs
Feel the keen lash that satire cracks;
But when to your own case we come,
Why, every little mouth is mum!

Well, well, fair friends, we will not ply it :
We leave the question — but you'll try it.
In some still hour, look well within,
And if you find some cherished sin,
Drive out the monster, and let virtue in !

The *Past* year scanned, we turn to view
The promise given by the *New*.
Winter, spring, summer, autumn, rise,
In lengthened vision to our eyes,
And, hiding every thorn, disclose,
Each one, some favorite wreath or rose.

Winter, stern winter, hides the tear
That tells of tingling nose and ear ;
O'er starving groups it throws a veil,
Drowns the lost traveller's dying wail ;
And only brings to mind the sleigh,
Its merry bells and trappings gay ;
The sportive skater lightly gliding ;
The hoiden schoolboy fondly sliding ;
The coaster down the hill-side plying ;
The snow-balls thick as hailstones flying .
And when the joyous day is o'er,
The crafty showman shuts the door,
And brings to view the fireside scene,
Where Old Bob Merry's Magazine
Tells tales of many lands, and wiles
From grave and gay their choicest smiles !

Spring, fickle Spring, as keen as Blitz*,
 Says nought of March — its stormy fits,—
 How oft the morning comes like May,
 Giving fair promise of the day,
 While yet, ere night, the wild winds roar,
 And down the myriad snow-flakes pour.
 Nothing she says of mud like paste,
 Nothing of freshet laying waste;
 But much she talks of April showers,
 That bring, or ought to bring, May flowers,—
 Which boys and girls, on May-day morn,
 Oft seek in vain 'mid bush and thorn!

Summer, as wily as the rest,
 Hides half its tale, but tells the best.
 It speaks of meadows blooming fair,
 Of new mown hay that scents the air,
 Of singing birds and murmuring bees,
 But nothing says of bugs and fleas,
 Of serpents gliding where you tread,
 Of sly mosquitoes round your bed,
 Of parching heat that melts by day,
 And keeps at night sweet sleep away! —

Autumn advances, decked in smiles,
 Bringing us fruit in ample piles —

* All our readers will understand that signor Blitz, the famous conjuror, is here alluded to.

Grapes, apples, peaches, pears, all mellow
And luscious. What a charming fellow!
And now the forest, like a queen,
He robes in yellow, red, and green;
But soon he changes, and his breath
Strews the torn leaves in beds of death;
The forests tremble in the fray,
And the earth yields to Winter's sway.

Such are the seasons as they pass;
Yet, mirrored in youth's magic glass,
The good alone is brought to light,
And evil's hidden from the sight.
As distant mountains, robed in blue,
Rise soft and rounded to the view,
Their blasted peaks with azure crowned,
All turned to seeming fairy ground :
So life — a land of promise — lies
Outspread to youth's believing eyes.

O happy morn of life ! sweet spring
Of coming years ! Say, who shall fling
A cloud across so fair a sky ?
Nay — not on New Year's day shall I
Chafe your blithe hearts — your humor chide —
So put the chairs and stools aside.
We'll have a game of blind-man's buff,
Then nuts and apples, till you say "Enough !"
Well, fun and feast are o'er; but ere
We part, Old Parley's counsel hear !

I spoke of Youth, when all seems bright,
And seasons fly on wings of light;
When Hope and Love, with magic art,
Turn all to beauty in the heart.
So be your lives — a path of flowers;
So be your souls — bright as the hours :
The evil shun, the good pursue ;
Be happy — but be pure and true !
Have you not seen the bee that plies
His wing ? From flower to flower he flies ;
The nightshade, and the foxglove gay
He visits, for they throng his way :
Yet such his art, he shuns the ill,
And only gathers honey, still.
Do you the same ; from mingled shade and light
Draw good alone.—And now, sweet friends, good night !



THE COTTAGE BURNT.

THE BOY CAPTIVE

OR

JUMPING RABBIT'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

The beginning. — My earliest recollections. — My home. — My parents. — A fearful scene.

Kind Reader, as you and I are about to take a ramble together, I beg leave to settle one or two points at the outset.

In the first place, then, I shall tell you my story in a very simple, plain way; for the circumstances of my life have qualified me to speak in no other fashion. In the next place, I shall endeavour to make my story the means of giving you some useful information. I have been a wanderer over the Far West; have seen the rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the wild animals, the tribes of Indians that are

there; I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and stood upon the shore of the broad Pacific; and I have thus picked up a good deal of information.

While, therefore, I shall give you an account of my adventures, I shall endeavour to make you acquainted with some matters relating to the geography, the natural history, and the manners and customs of the great West. Thus, while I try to amuse you, I shall try also to give you some little knowledge. I hope this arrangement will suit you; for if I give you *cake*, to which I compare tales of adventure, you should be content to take, now and then, a slice of solid *bread and butter*, to which I compare such useful matters as geography and natural history.

And now to begin. At the period of my earliest recollection, I must have been about six years old. My father was then living on the White river, nearly one hundred miles west of the Mississippi river, and in what is now the state of Arkansas. His house, which was only a log cabin, was four or five miles from any other white man's dwelling. There was no town or village in that quarter; excepting a few scattered settlers here and there, the country was

still uninhabited, save by native wild animals, or roving tribes of Indians.

The latter were at peace with the whites for a long period, and therefore we had no fear of them. We frequently saw parties of Indian hunters, and occasionally considerable numbers came into the region where we dwelt. They often visited our cabin, but never gave us any annoyance. But the time arrived when a change took place. We heard fearful stories of Indian massacres, and more than one family, in the region where we lived, were entirely cut off.

I remember that one night my father came home, and told my mother that a party of Kickapoos had been in the neighborhood, and killed every member of the family which lived nearest to us. He, of course, expected they would be upon us before morning! What was now to be done? The number of the savages was over a dozen, and it seemed quite hopeless to attempt either resistance or escape. If we were to fortify the house, we might make a brief defence, and kill a few of the enemy, but we must yield at last, and fall into the hands of our exasperated foe. If we were to fly, the savages, keen as

bloodhounds in following their prey, would soon track us out, and we should become their easy victims.

People who are brought up in quiet and secure towns, free from the dangers of the wilderness, and who only hear of adventures with the Indians, can hardly appreciate the feelings of those who are inured to every species of danger and trial. I remember the looks of my father and mother upon that fearful night, when they expected the savages to be upon their dwelling in a few hours, and to see themselves and their children become the victims of their bloody vengeance. They were brave people, and, though their countenances looked troubled, there was more of courage than fear in their faces.

There were four of us children : my brother Dick, about fourteen years old; my sister Jane, two years younger, and little Harry, a year younger than myself. The decision of our parents being to fortify the house and make the best defence in their power, we were all, except Harry, employed in the preparations. The latter was the only one who did not comprehend what was going on. While the rest of us were busy in bringing in the axes, hoes, spades,

and other implements capable of being used for a deadly encounter, Harry was running about, seeming to enjoy the flurry and rejoice in the spirit of activity that animated the scene.

Everything that could be done for defence was at last accomplished. The windows were strongly barred; the door was barricadoed; the wide-mouthed chimney, down which an Indian might easily have slid, was defended by large sticks crossed and jammed into the crevices of the stone work of the fireplace. Near the door sat our dog, Tiger; he was stretched upon his belly at full length on the floor, with his chin between his extended fore-legs. He was not asleep, for it was evident that he understood that something fearful was in the wind. An erect fore-corner of his ear showed that he was listening intently; and his eye, steadily bent toward the door, betokened the expectation of danger in that direction.

My father loaded the old gun, now our chief hope, with care; he picked the flint, examined the priming, looked at his stock of powder and ball; and now, as if everything was prepared, he sat down. I remember how he looked, when he turned round and glanced at my mother and us children. I remember

how she looked too. My father's lips trembled, and his eyes seemed to grow dim, for he lifted his hand and brushed it across his brow; but in a moment he looked again at his priming, glanced at old Tiger, fixed his eye on the door and sat still. His face now became as stern as marble. My mother sat on a bench in one corner, and we children behind her upon the floor. By her side was an axe. She was very pale, and her eye turned often, first on father and then up to Heaven. Once in a while, she looked round on us, and especially upon little Harry, with a long gaze, as if it might be her last, and then a kind of shudder came over her. I think my mother was a very beautiful woman, for never in any dream has anything so like an angel visited my fancy, as my faint remembrances of my mother in that fearful hour. Her eyes were blue, her hair light, and her whole appearance soft and gentle. Never did she seem so gentle as when she looked around on us; yet, as she gazed on the axe at her side, and stole a glance around upon the defences of our little fort, her look changed, and she had the aspect of a hero.

We sat for more than an hour in breathless silence. Every ear was stretched to catch the slightest sound,

until the effort became painful. At last, Tiger lifted his head and uttered a low growl. In an instant after, he sprang to his feet, his eye glittering like fire, every muscle of his body being stretched for action. My father looked through a crevice he had left for observation. It was a clear moonlight night, and soon he saw four dusky figures gliding through the edge of the adjacent forest. He turned to mother, and said, in a firm tone, “They are coming!” She reached for the axe; I saw her fingers tremble as she grasped it. Dick, with a stout club, moved forward and stood by my father. He was a noble fellow; black-eyed, black-haired, and daring as a wild-cat. His look gave tone and courage to us all. He was stout for his years, and as he turned round to look at the group in the corner, there was something in his manner which seemed to say, — “You shall have a brave defence!” I saw the tears come in mother’s eyes; but it was not from fear.

There was silence for some time, when suddenly the most fearful yell burst upon our ears! It seemed to come from a hundred voices, and filled the forest with its terrific echoes. The scream of the panther is not so terrible as the war-cry of the savage, espe-

cially when heard at night, and by those who are exposed to his fury. Nearer and nearer came the yell, and at last we heard the enemy around our dwelling.

My father, who kept his eye steady at the crevice, now slowly thrust the muzzle of his gun through the hole, and taking a deliberate aim, he fired. There was one wild shriek, a heavy fall, a brisk scampering, and then a death-like silence. This continued for some time, when again the war-whoop burst from the forest, and at least a dozen savages immediately surrounded our dwelling. They encompassed it with dry leaves and branches, and set them on fire. In a few minutes the smoke began to fill the room, and shortly the outside of our little cabin was wrapped in a sheet of flame!

Up to this time, my remembrance of the scene is very distinct; but what immediately followed, I cannot clearly recall. I have a faint recollection, or fancy, of my father, rushing out through the blaze, and struggling with a tall Indian in the flames, till they both fell exhausted and involved in the conflagration. I have a dim remembrance of my mother, bursting out through the falling timbers, carrying little Harry on her back, and leading Jane and myself

through the flames. But I was suffocated with smoke and overwhelmed with the terrors of the scene. From this point my memory of that dreadful night is a blank — save one incident alone. Old Tiger and Dick went before my mother, as if they were her peculiar guard. The poor dog was dreadfully singed, for he had already had one or two deadly tussles with the Indians in the flames. The long silken hair of his ears and tail was burnt off, and the latter stuck out straight and stiff, looking actually as if it had been a cooked sausage. In that fearful hour, I remember to have thought that it had quite a ludicrous appearance.

The poor dog, however, had his senses about him, and kept with my mother and Dick, till we had proceeded a considerable distance. We were concealed from the view of the Indians by a dense cloud of smoke, that rolled between us and them. We had not gone far, however, before we were discovered, and two savages immediately pursued us. Coming up with us, they fell upon Dick, who defended himself for a time, but receiving a blow upon the head, he was laid prostrate on the earth. Tiger, half dead as he was, sprang upon his body,

and stood erect for his defence. One of the savages struck him over the head, and, with a sad moan, the poor creature lay dead by the side of his master. A sickness now came over me. I tottered, and fell unconscious to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

I am carried to an Indian village. — The scene described. — Am insulted by the young Indians.—They get well punished. Painful thoughts.

I do not know how long it was after the scene I have described, when I so far recovered my senses as to notice the objects around me. When my consciousness returned, I was lying on the ground, and no one appeared to be near me. I attempted to rise, and nearly got upon my feet, when I became giddy, and was obliged to sit down. I was distressed with a pain in the head and a burning thirst.

I now saw at a little distance a group of Indians, and about the same time one of them noticed me. He spoke and pointed to me, upon which an Indian

woman and two children ran towards me. I held out my hands and begged them to have pity on me. The woman spoke to me, but I could not understand her. The children, who were Indians, and fierce-looking creatures, stood at a little distance for a time, as if afraid of me. Pretty soon they came nearer, and in order to discover what kind of an animal I might be, one of them took a stick and gave me a pretty sharp poke in my back.

I writhed and groaned, for it hurt me; but this only made the young Indians laugh. The woman scolded them, however, and as the youngsters gave me another poke, she flew toward them, and aimed a blow with her hand at the head of the aggressor. It missed, however, and the two imps ran laughing to a distance. There, in safety, they stood gibbering and jeering, like two monkeys, till the woman, in a rage, set out after them; but diving into a thicket, the young rogues easily escaped and disappeared.

The woman now helped me upon my legs, and took me to a tent, around which were several Indians, mostly women and children. I noticed also several other tents, and knew that I was in an In-

dian village, or encampment. How I had been brought hither, I did not know, nor did I ever afterwards ascertain. It is probable, however, that it was by the care of the Indian woman, in whose charge I now was. She took me into a tent, and procured me some water. This refreshed me greatly, and I was soon able to take notice of the things around me.

The tent was made of dried deerskins, and was supported by poles about twelve feet long. The whole tent was about fourteen feet across. There were in it, a few skins of bears and buffaloes, a bow and some arrows, two or three gourd-shells, a small brass kettle, a buffalo's pate with the horns attached, a bunch of long, crooked bear's claws, and a bundle of human scalps. These were all the articles I noticed.

After a while I felt very sleepy, and lying down, I had a long nap. When I awoke, I felt nearly well, and went to look out of the tent. There were, at least, fifty tents around, occupying a space of several acres, upon the edge of a small prairie, bordered by forests. The scene was quite lively; for two or three hundred Indians were before me, nearly all, however,

being women, children, and old men. I was afraid to go forth, and was about to creep back into the tent, when the woman before mentioned came, and taking me by the arm, led me out.

I was very soon surrounded by a host of people, and such a chattering I never heard before. A ring was formed around me, and every one seemed to have something to say. If I had been a new monster under the sun, there could not have been more wonder expressed. I imagine that they treated me very much as a parcel of Boston boys would treat a young alligator, should they happen to catch one. I looked in the faces of many of these persons, but I saw not one look of kindness. At last a boy about my own age, who had a small bow in his hand, shot an arrow at me, which, being pointed with a bit of sharp iron, entered the flesh of my arm. A moment after, two or three of the little savages set upon me, and began to tear off my clothes. They pulled me hither and thither, and in a short space I was entirely naked.

For a time, I made no resistance, for I had an idea that natural pity would teach even these creatures to spare one so helpless as myself. But finding that

they had no pity, my anger began to rise; and when the boy who had shot his arrow into my arm, came up and began to pinch me, I struck him by the side of his head, and he went reeling and tumbling, like a smitten nine-pin, upon the ground. This caused a loud laugh, and I saw that a feeling of interest and respect was instantly created in my behalf by my resistance. This taught me a lesson, and instead of waiting for Indian pity and sympathy, I determined to obtain the regard of my captors by my spirit. When, therefore, the little imps set upon me again, as they very soon did, they paid dearly for it. I was very strong and active for my age, and when, at last, an Indian lad, much larger than myself, came softly behind me, and gave my hair a twitch, I turned to punish him.

The fellow fled and I pursued. The ring opened to give him space, and he struck into the little plain encircled by the tents. I hung close at his heels. It was a tight race, and such yells broke from the congregation of Indians as I had never imagined. The fellow went nearly across the plain, and, dodging this way and that, sought to throw me off. At length he passed round one of the tents, and return-

ned toward the point from which we started. I followed, and finally, just as he reached the ring, I seized his hair, and gave it a jerk which made him yell like a catamount. This completely sealed my triumph. The looks of contempt around, were exchanged for those of admiration, and I was borne back to my tent with shouts of praise and exultation.

It was but a few weeks before I was at home among the Indians. I was adopted as the son of the woman who had taken care of me, in the place of one she had lost. By degrees I became accustomed to Indian sports and pastimes, and gradually learned their language. I was generally well treated after the fashion of savage life. There is little family government among these people; everything between the children is settled by strength; those principles of kindness, justice, pity and tenderness for the weak, which are so strongly inculcated among civilized people, being unknown to them. Matters are regulated very much as between animals—a herd of bisons for instance, or a pack of wolves. I had, therefore, to fight my way, and being very strong, I not only fared pretty well, but I obtained no little applause. At first, I was taunted and sneered at for being *white*,

but I always punished such impudence, and at last these gibes ceased.

I often thought of my father and mother, my sister and brother, and longed to know their fate—for I was uncertain whether they had escaped or had perished, on that fearful night in which our house had been reduced to ashes. Of these things, however, I could obtain no information. I knew too little of the Indian language to ask questions, which often arose in my own mind. Sometimes, and especially at night, the thoughts of home and my kindred stole over me, and the tears would come into my eyes; but in the morning these painful thoughts would subside, and perhaps be forgotten in the pursuit of present objects.

CHAPTER III.

The return of the war party. — Sports and festivities.

After I had been about a month in the village, a swift Indian, despatched by the warriors who had been absent on an expedition against some distant tribes, came in and announced that the whole party

were near at hand, and would enter the village the following morning. Preparations were therefore made to receive them.

All was bustle and activity, though this seemed to consist more in running about, and chattering like a set of magpies, than anything else. The children leaped, frolicked, shouted, and fought mimic battles as well as real ones, in which they bit, scratched, kicked and pulled hair, in honor of the coming celebration. The women went about from tent to tent, talking with great animation and keeping up the hum, which might be heard at the farther extremity of the village.

Evening at last came, but there was no cessation of the excitement. The greater part of the night was spent in talking, squabbling, dancing, jumping, leaping and yelling. At length the morning came, and just as the sun was rising, an Indian, painted blue and red, carrying on his head the skin taken from the pate of a grizzly bear, was seen creeping along in the edge of the adjacent wood. He was soon followed by another, painted in a similar manner, with the horns and pate of a buffaloe upon his head. Others succeeded, all of them painted and

dressed in the most wild and fantastic manner, until about a hundred warriors had gathered in the thickets of the forest, close to the village.

A pause of at least half an hour ensued. All within the wood was silent, and not a trace of the savages that lurked in its bosom, could be discovered. The women, children and old men of the village had gathered in the open space encircled by the tents, where they awaited the coming spectacle in breathless expectation.

At last, a wild yell, as if a thousand demons filled the air, broke from the forest. In an instant after, the warriors started from their cover and ran toward the village with the greatest swiftness. Approaching the group of women and children, they formed themselves in a circle and began to dance in a most violent manner. They leaped, jumped, ran, brandished their weapons, screamed, chattered, and appeared more like infernal spirits than human creatures. They were all on foot except about a dozen, who were on horseback, and attired in the most fantastic manner. These rode round the circle with great swiftness, flourishing their long spears, and performing a sort of wild mimic battle.

Nothing could be more fierce and frightful than the whole scene, yet the women and children were greatly delighted, and evinced their ecstacy by uproarious acclamations. The warriors were excited by the applause to greater feats, and for about an hour they kept up their savage revel. They seemed to be as proud of their greasy paint and their savage foppery, as a well-dressed company of militia marching on a muster-day through one of our villages. A bear's or buffalo's pate was fully equal to a cocked hat; a rakkoon's or opossum's hide was equivalent to a pair of epaulettes; the bow and arrow were an offset to the sword.

But the Indian warriors had one advantage over our training-day soldiers. They had been in actual service, and carried with them evidences of their victory. Several of them bore in their hands large bundles of bloody scalps, which they had taken from their enemies, and these they flourished in the faces of the admiring spectators. It is obvious that the same vanity and foppery which are found in the fair-weather soldiers of towns and cities, belong to the savage warriors of the wilderness.

At length, the ceremony was over, and the savages

dispersed themselves to their several wigwams. The next day, however, they had a great exhibition, which was a kind of war-dance, in which the warriors attempted to exhibit their several battles and exploits. It was in fact a sort of pantomime, in which several of the Indians displayed great powers of mimicry. Though I was not much accustomed to these things, I understood a good deal of what the Indians meant by their performances.

One of these fellows amused me very much. He seemed to be fond of fun, and, like the clown in a circus, appeared to think more of making a laugh than anything else. It seemed from his representation, that, on one occasion, he was sent to spy out the situation of a party of Indians, whom they intended to attack. It was night, and as he was proceeding along a deer path in the forest, he chanced to see a skunk immediately before him. The creature stood still, and positively refused to stir a step.

The Indian hesitated for some time what to do, but at last he put an arrow to the bowstring, and shot the impertinent animal to the heart. The air was, however, immediately filled with the creature's

effluvia, and the Indians, whom the spy was seeking, being ever on the watch, were startled by the circumstance, and the spy himself was obliged to retreat for safety. This whole story was easily comprehended from the admirable mimicry of the actor. Nothing could exceed his drollery, except the applause of the spectators. He seemed to have the reputation of an established wag, for he could hardly turn his eye, or crook his finger, but the action was followed with bursts of applause.

There was one thing that characterized all the warriors, and that was a love of boasting and self-glorification. Every one represented himself as a hero and as performing the most wonderful feats of strength and valor. Boasting, I suspect, is a thing that naturally belongs to those who have little refinement, and modesty is doubtless the fruit of those finer sentiments which belong to civilization.

For several days there were sports and festivities, and every one seemed to give himself up to amusement. The warriors had brought home with them a young Indian prisoner, who was about eighteen years old. He was a fine, proud looking fellow, and when he was brought out and encircled by all the Indians,

he seemed to survey them with a kind of scorn. He was tied to a stake, and the young Indians, stationed at a certain distance, were allowed to shoot their arrows at him. Several of them hit him, and the blood trickled freely down his body. He stood unmoved, however, and seemed not to notice the wounds. The women then surrounded him, and jeered at him, making mouths, and pinching his flesh and punching him with sharp sticks.

At last, it was determined by the chiefs, to let him loose upon the prairie and give him a chance of escape. The warriors were to pursue him. If he was retaken, he was to die; if he outran his pursuers, he was to have his liberty.

The prisoner was unbound and placed at the distance of about six rods in advance of those who were to pursue him; the signal was given, and he departed. He seemed fleet as the mountain deer, and life was the wager for which he ran. He was, however, pursued by more than half a dozen Indians, scarcely less lightfooted than himself. He struck across the prairie, which lay stretched out for several miles, almost as level as the sea and, in the distance, skirted by the forest.

He kept in advance of his pursuers, who strained every nerve to overtake him. On he flew, casting an occasional glance backward. The yells broke often from his pursuers, but he was silent. It was for life that he fled, and he would not waste a breath. On he sped, and as he and his followers seemed to grow less and less in the distance, my eyes grew weary of the scene. But such was the interest that I felt for the poor fugitive, that I kept my gaze bent upon the chase for almost an hour.

The Indians seemed at last in the remote distance, to be dwindled to the size of insects; they still strained every limb, though they appeared scarcely to move; they still yelled with all their might, but only an occasional faint echo reached our ears. At last, the fugitive plunged into the forest; his pursuers followed, and they were lost to the view. After the lapse of several hours, the pursuing party returned, without their prisoner. He was at liberty in the unbounded forest!

CHAPTER IV.

Hunting adventures.

Some time now passed without any remarkable event. After a hunting or war expedition, the Indian men usually spend a large part of their time in idleness. For several weeks after their return, the warriors might be seen stretched at full length in their wigwams upon the beds of skins, and often, during the day, upon the bare ground, basking in the warm sunshine.

Thus they would repose day and night, sleeping a part of the time, and dozing away the rest of the hours. When hungry, they arose and ate the meal provided for them by the women, and then returned to their rest. At this period, they seemed like mere animals, such as wolves or foxes, idly slumbering in their caves, careless of the past, the present and the future.

Once in a while these men would rouse themselves from their indolence, and spend a night in a wild war-dance, or in other sports. When excited in their amusements, they shook off their lethargy



and seemed totally changed from the stupid beings which they appeared to be, a few hours before. Their black eyes would now flash with fiery excitement; their parted lips would display their white teeth; their long, black hair would stream in the wind; their hands and arms would exhibit the most lively gestures, and their whole form seem to be animated by intense excitement. After the sport was over, these warriors would relapse into the same state of merely animal existence, as if they had no minds, no cares, no plans, no fears or hopes.

Thus some weeks passed away, but at last, it became necessary that a supply of food should be obtained. It is true that small game was obtained by the boys, and some of the men, almost every day. This consisted of the heath-hen, which resembles the partridge or pheasant of the Atlantic states; black and grey squirrels, rabbits and hares, wild turkeys, raccoons, prairie dogs, etc. These creatures were abundant, and I often accompanied the young Indians in hunting them.

There were some guns and rifles in the tribe, but the chief weapons were the bows and arrows. The boys and most of the young men had no other. It

was surprising to see with what precision and force the arrows were thrown. I have often seen a squirrel, perched upon the limb of an aged tree and being nearly a hundred feet in air, look down as if to laugh and jeer at the sportsman below; when the arrow was sent from the string, and, striking him in the head, he was brought whirling and sprawling to the ground.

There were several small rivers and lakes in the neighbourhood, and some of them were stocked with fish; the shooting of them with the bow and arrow was a favourite sport and one of our common means of subsistence.

In these hunts I took a keen delight; and such was my enterprise and success, that I soon became rather famous as a hunter of the lesser game. My agility in pursuing a wounded bird or quadruped, and the facility with which I threaded the tangled forests, gave me the title of *Jumping Rabbit*, which long continued to be my name.

In these hunts, we seldom wandered to any great distance from the encampment, and rarely remained out over night. In a few instances, we were absent for two or three days, and extended our excursions

to the distance of twenty or thirty miles. I recollect that in one of these expeditions we came to a considerable lake, entirely surrounded with dense forests. It was difficult even to peep through the woods, for the trees stood very close together, and the spaces between them were choked up with dead trunks and branches, woven and wedged together, as if the whole constituted one fabric.

With a great deal of labor, creeping and winding like serpents through the openings, we made our way through the forest, and came to the shores of the lake. Accustomed, as I was, to nature in her wild moods, the scene that then presented itself greatly surprised me. The territory that encircled the lake, consisted, and to a great extent, of hills, cliffs, which stood close to the water, and formed, along its whole border, what seemed to be a mountain wall, rising almost to the clouds, and thus bestowing upon the spot an aspect of the most perfect protection and seclusion.

As if invited to the place by its security and repose, myriads of aquatic birds were there, some resting upon its bosom, some wading in its depths, some standing along its borders, and thousands win-

nowing the air above its surface. There were flocks of swans, with arching necks and snowy bosoms; multitudes of pelicans, either darting down upon their prey, or lazily digesting their food as they stood upon the rocks along the shore; and wild geese and ducks almost without number. There was the pensive heron, standing half leg deep in the water, and patiently waiting to snap up some luckless frog or fish; there was the tall crane, with crested head, and spiteful countenance, looking keenly into the mud for his meal; and red flamingoes, standing in rows that looked like gaudy files of soldiers.

The scene presented the idea of a paradise for water-birds; a spot unknown to man, and wholly secured to the use and behoof of its feathered tenantry. The birds themselves seemed so to regard it, for such were their habits of confidence, that when we approached them, they hardly noticed us or moved from us. We shot a few arrows among them, and killed several, but this created no general alarm. One of our party had a rifle, and taking aim at the leader of a long file of swans that glided upon the water near us, he fired, and the noble bird, uttering a faint scream, spread his wings for flight, and fell



THE LAKE

dead upon the surface. His companions rose heavily from the lake, and sweeping round and round in the air, settled again upon the water, encircling their dead companion.

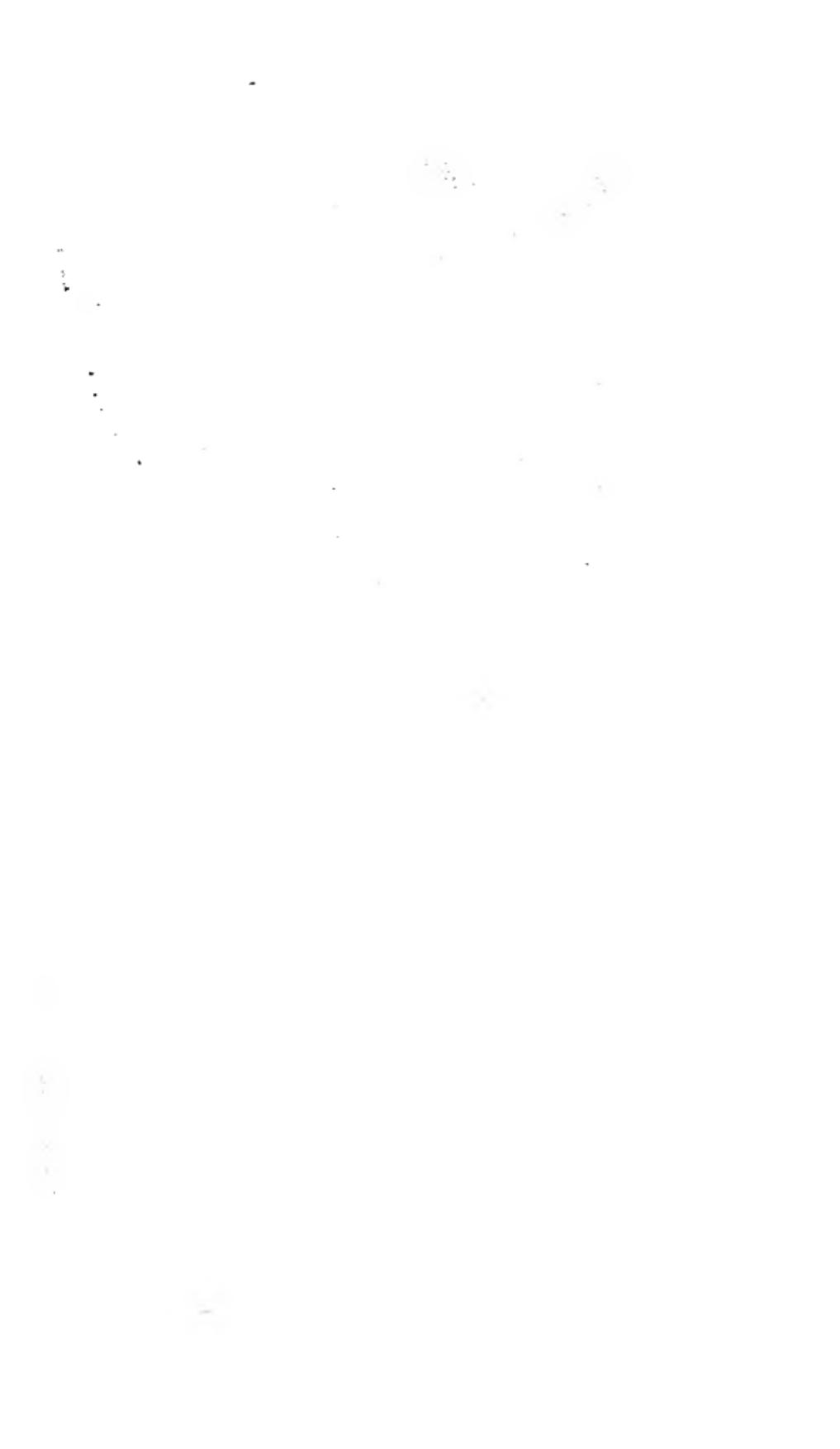
Loaded with game, we now set out for our return; but this expedition was destined to be signalized by adventures. In our progress homeward, we had occasion to cross a deep valley, through which a considerable river found its way. On the high rocky banks of this stream our party sat down to rest themselves for an hour or two, and then set forward. It happened that I had crept into the bushes and fallen asleep; and when my companions went away, not observing me, they left me soundly wrapt in repose.

They had been gone a considerable time when I was waked by a noise, and looking up, I saw a huge grisly bear at a little distance, looking steadfastly at me. I knew that the next moment he would be upon me, and seizing my bow and arrows, I sprang forward, and at a single bound leaped over the high bank, into the stream. It was not more than fifty yards in width—and I had hardly crossed it, when I heard the heavy plunge of the bear behind me. Clambering up the opposite bank with the quick-

ness of a wild-cat, I seized upon the bark and branches of a tree, and rapidly mounted it. The fierce beast came close upon me, and seizing the boughs with its claws and teeth, tore them in a hundred pieces. By this time, however, I had ascended beyond its reach.

The grisly bear is twice the size of the common bear, and from its savage disposition and great strength, is altogether the most dreadful beast of the American continent. But, happily for me, it does not often climb trees. I therefore felt secure. Pausing on a large limb of the tree, I looked down at my shaggy acquaintance below. He had now got over his fury, and gazing in my face with a look of the deepest interest, he seemed to think, if he did not say—"Oh how I love you!"

After sitting upon the tree for some time, I began to grow impatient to be released—but Bruin seemed to have no idea of parting with me thus. He continued for several hours, sitting upon his rump in a kind of brown study, but occasionally looking at me. At last, growing weary, I reclined against the trunk of the tree, and my grisly jailer, as if to torment me, lay down upon the ground, and putting





JUMPING RABBIT AND THE BEAR.

his nose to his tail, seemed to say that he had made up his mind to stay till I should come down. I waited for some time in silence, to see if he would not fall asleep and allow me an opportunity of escape; but the moment I moved a foot or hand, I could see his keen eye twinkle, thus showing that the sentinel was awake and watchful.

At last I got out of patience, and selecting a good arrow, I sent it fiercely at his head. It struck him over the eye, and evidently gave him great pain, for he growled terribly, and rubbed the wounded place with his huge paw; and finally he looked up at me, at the same time curling his lip and showing a set of teeth that made me shudder. I could easily understand this pantomime, and I knew it to mean something like this : “ Sooner or later, my lad, you must come down, and these teeth shall take due revenge upon you ! ”

Darkness at length came—and still the beast remained at his post. Hour after hour passed away, during which I caught a little sleep, but I was too fearful of falling to the ground to get any sound repose. Early in the morning I heard the call of my companions, and now knew that they had missed

me, and were come to find me. I answered their shout with a cry that filled the valley with echoes. The old bear seemed startled; he rose, shook his shaggy coat, and gazed wistfully around.

Directed by my voice, my friends soon drew near; and when they came to the opposite bank of the river, I told them my situation and pointed out Bruin at the foot of the tree. In a moment the rifle was levelled at my tormentor, and the ball entered his side. Stung with pain, but not mortally wounded, the monster turned towards his new enemy. Leaping into the stream, he began to swim across; but his head being exposed, several arrows were aimed at him, some of which took effect. As he ascended the rocky bank of the river, the rifle being re-loaded, was again discharged, and, the ball passing through his heart, he fell backward, and rolled with a heavy splash into the stream !

But I have wandered a little from my track. I said that the necessity of obtaining a supply of food, at last roused the men of the encampment from their repose. After making due preparation, by providing themselves with knives, bows and arrows, etc., about twenty of them departed; and as I was now

a tolerably expert hunter, I was permitted to accompany the party. The events which followed will be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The buffalo hunt.

Five of our hunting party were on horseback, and the rest on foot. We proceeded over a hilly country for two days, meeting with no other game than a single deer, which was shot by one of the party, thrown across one of the horses, and carried onward. We came, at length, to the borders of an extensive prairie, which lay spread out like the sea before us. In taking a general view of its surface, it seemed to be almost perfectly level. But as we advanced, I perceived that it was undulating, like the ocean thrown into long waves by a gale of wind.

It was now late in the autumn, but the prairie was covered with a great variety of flowers, some of them exceedingly brilliant and beautiful. I hardly noticed these objects then. I was with savages, and

they never perceive anything lovely in flowers, or landscapes, or nature's fairest scenes. It might seem that those who live always in the midst of nature's works would feel their beauty and admire them. But it is not so. The exquisite emotions excited in a refined mind by beautiful landscapes and the picturesque objects of nature, belong only to those who have enjoyed the advantages of civilization. No savage is ever either a painter or a poet. You never see these dwellers in the wilderness culling bouquets, or making wreaths of blossoms.

We held a straight course for several hours, until at last, we reached a little dell which was covered with trees. At a distance, this appeared like an island in the sea. Here we paused, and preparations were made to remain for some days. Early on the ensuing morning, most of the party were roused and went forth in quest of game; but the only result was the killing of two or three deer. Several days now passed, but on the fifth day after our arrival we met with more stirring adventures.

Soon after the sun arose, one of the Indians announced that a herd of buffaloes was coming. We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and,

at the distance of nearly two miles, we saw an immense number of objects, seeming like small black spots on the surface of the prairie. These gradually approached us, and we could soon hear a confused noise, like the distant roar of a tempest. The Indians were immediately on the alert.

As the wind was blowing toward the herd, they were afraid that the quick scent of the buffaloes would perceive us, and that the affrighted animals would take to flight. To avoid this danger, we immediately determined to shift our position. Those who had horses mounted them and departed, and those who were on foot followed them. Some proceeded to the right and some to the left, making a wide sweep, and intending to come in upon the herd in the opposite direction.

We were not long in performing this manœuvre. I shall never forget the scene that was now presented. Before us and near at hand, were several thousands of these huge animals, many of them equal in size to the largest ox. They had also an aspect entirely distinct from our tame cattle. Their swarthy color, their wild, shaggy hair, their thick mane, the profusion of rough and bristling hair about the

face, the enormous hump upon the shoulders, together with the fierce countenance of these animals, rendered them objects at once striking and formidable.

And if this was their appearance, taken singly, the spectacle of thousands of these huge beasts was hardly short of sublime. The whole mass were moving slowly forward. Some paused occasionally, to nip the herbage, or devour the leaves from a favorite shrub, and others sauntered on with a careless and indifferent air. But many of the bulls, and some of the rest, seemed to be almost constantly occupied in wrangling with their neighbors.

Some were pawing the earth and scattering the dust in the air; some were kneeling and plunging their horns into the little hillocks of earth, lowing at the same time, and seeming desirous of giving a challenge to mortal combat; some were already fighting, and, with their horns locked, were straining every nerve for the mastery; others were leaping and frisking as they went; and others still were burying their horns in the sides of such of their brethren as came within their reach. The lowing of the herd was incessant, and came upon the ear with

a deafening roar. The air was filled with confused sounds and the earth was shaken beneath our feet by the trampling multitude.

Accustomed as I was to scenes of adventure, I was still startled at this spectacle, and, for a time, my mind was somewhat confused. My excitement was increased by an incident which immediately followed. The Indians who had accompanied me, had dispersed themselves, and being upon the flank of the herd, and sheltered by the tall grass, were stealing toward their unsuspecting victims.

I had myself crouched down in a thick tuft of grass, upon one of the thousand swells of the prairie. It chanced that a buffalo of the largest size, straying a little from his companions, was coming directly toward the spot where I lay! He soon came near, and I could see his curly pate and the glistening of his eye. He came slowly, but steadily on. I had a rifle in my hand, but such was my amazement that I never thought of using it. I remained crouched upon one knee until the animal was within six feet of me.

It is impossible to describe the consternation depicted in the brute's countenance when he first saw

me. He paused for a moment; his eyeballs stood out, his nostrils expanded, and the long stiff hair upon his neck stood erect. After glaring at me for a few seconds, the creature lifted his tail into the air, and sped away at a prodigious canter.

He had proceeded but a few rods, however, before I heard the report of a rifle, and the flying buffalo stumbled and fell to the earth, tearing up the soil in the heavy plunge. He, however, rose to his feet, and proceeded, with a staggering gallop, for about a hundred yards. He then paused, and at length stood still. I came forward, supposing that the wound was mortal, and that the creature would soon fall to the earth; but what was my surprise, on coming up with him, to discover three or four wolves standing in front of him, and evidently on the point of making an attack.

Without reflection, I discharged my rifle among them, and killed two of them. The noise directed the attention of the wounded buffalo to me, and he immediately turned upon me. I easily kept out of his way at first; but his speed increased, and I soon found it necessary to exert myself to the utmost for escape. My great activity was now my only

hope. The raging beast followed me at long bounds, and I was frequently obliged to throw him off by a short turn to the right or left, in order to escape from the plunge of his horns. I had already begun to grow weary and short of breath, when I heard a loud bellow and a heavy fall to the earth. I looked around — my pursuer lay dead upon the ground.

After a few moments, my self-possession returned. I loaded my rifle and proceeded toward the scene of action, for my companions were now at their work. I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the Indians on horseback attack the buffalo. I chanced to be near one of our bravest huntsmen as he assailed a bull of the largest size. The man was firmly mounted, but he had no other weapons than a bow and a quiver of arrows. The buffalo had perceived the approach of the enemy, and immediately fled at full gallop.

The hunter pursued, and, speedily coming up with the animal, he drew his arrow to the head, and lodged it between its ribs. It entered more than one half its length, but the buffalo continued its flight. Another and another arrow were speedily discharged, and all of them took effect. The last

was almost entirely buried in the flank of the huge beast. Stung with agony, he wheeled suddenly round, and made a fierce plunge at the mounted horseman. The movement was sudden and rapid, but the blow was evaded by a swaying movement to the left. The impulse of the horseman carried him past the animal for a considerable distance, and the latter, apparently incapable of further exertion, stood still.

His sides were covered with blood, and mingled foam and blood were streaming from his open mouth. He held his head down, his tongue protruded, his eyes stood out, and he shivered in every limb. At the same time, he uttered a low and plaintive bellow. The unrelenting hunter speedily turned his horse back, and again approached his prey. He paused a moment, and seemed to hesitate whether it were needful to spend another arrow; but, after a short space, he placed one upon the string. The bison watched the moment, and, at the instant it sped, uttered a terrible roar, and sprang again toward the horseman. The latter, prepared for the movement, leaped aside, and the exhausted prey rolled, with a crushing sound, to the earth. The last arrow had reached his heart.



THE BUFFALO HUNT.

I looked over the vast plain, and the countless herd of bisons were now in full flight; plunging, galloping, and bellowing, they swept over the plain. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the scene. A variety of stunning sounds fell upon the ear, and the earth trembled as if shaken by an earthquake. Yet, amid this scene of confusion, the Indians seemed in their element. Mingling with the crowd of animals, their arrows flew and their bullets sped. Those who were on foot, and those who were mounted, alike kept up with the flying herd.

Nothing could exceed the fierceness of their looks, or the animation of their actions. Their whole souls seemed engaged in the work of death. Their hair streaming in the wind, their eyes gleaming with fiery exultation, and speeding from point to point with incredible swiftness, they had an aspect of wildness, energy, and power, which words alone cannot paint. For my own share in the adventure, I can say but little. I had several fair shots, but they were all without success, excepting in one instance. A buffalo calf, toward the latter part of the chase, was passing near, and I brought it down with a single arrow.

I must not omit to mention one incident, that particularly attracted my attention in the midst of these scenes. From the moment the attack began, I had noticed several wolves gliding hither and thither, and seeming to watch the progress of the fight. These creatures follow the herds of bison, and, if one of them becomes sick or wounded, they attack and devour him. They seemed now to be quite aware that something was to be done in their behalf, and, accordingly, gathered in considerable numbers to the place where the attack was about to be made.

Several buffaloes had now been slain, and others were wounded. As I was passing along, I saw a buffalo that had received a bullet in his side, and was severely hurt. The creature seemed exhausted and incapable of flight. As if understanding the exact nature of the case, several wolves had gathered around him, and, squatting upon their haunches at a respectful distance, were waiting the moment when the animal should be sufficiently feeble to render it safe for them to make the attack. At my approach, however, the buffalo made a new effort, and galloped beyond my reach, followed, however, by his unrelenting and greedy attendants.

In about half an hour after the attack commenced, it was all over. The herd had passed on; but scattered along, for the space of three or four miles, lay no less than sixteen dead buffaloes, the fruit of our efforts. I must say, however, that the packs of wolves, which constantly hung around the buffaloes, devoured two or three that we had killed before we could secure them.

Several days were spent in skinning our game; in cutting off the best parts of the meat, and in preparations for our return. At last, having loaded our horses with the hides and a portion of the meat, and each man taking what he could carry, we set out upon our journey, and, after a laborious march, reached the settlement.

CHAPTER VI.

Another hunting expedition. — The prairie set on fire. —
A frog concert.

Although we had thus secured a large quantity of buffalo meat, it was thought necessary to make

another hunting expedition, in order to obtain ample supplies for the winter.

A party of nearly thirty hunters therefore set out for a small prairie, some hundred miles to the south, famous for the quantity of deer found there. I was one of the number, being by this time almost considered to belong to the tribe.

After five days' march, we came to a prairie which consisted of a level space of ground about twenty miles in diameter. On one side it was bounded by a river, with rocky banks about two hundred feet high; on all other sides, it was bordered by wooded hills.

The mode adopted here was one which I had never seen before; the prairie being covered with tall dry grass, this was set on fire at several points forming a circle. The flames extended until there was a complete belt of fire, some seven or eight miles in circuit, raging over the plain. It was indeed a terrible yet sublime scene, rendered still more dreadful by the roar which was like that of the ocean in a gale of wind.

There was but one opening in the belt of fire, and that was toward a point of the cliff near the river.

The weather was very dry, and at first there was no wind; but as the flames extended, they seemed to create a strong breeze which drew the fire with the greatest swiftness across the prairie. Hidden in the tall grass there were a great many elk and deer of various kind. Very soon they began to scent the flames; they started in great fright and ran away; but they speedily found themselves encircled by the raging conflagration. Smitten with panic, they rushed hither and thither. Now and then, one would become maddened with terror, and plunge into the fire where he speedily perished.

As the circle grew narrower, the whole congregation of animals, now furious with fright, gradually drew near the opening left for them at the cliff. Finding a space here which was free from the raging element, and in their terror, having lost all their ordinary caution, they rushed through the opening and plunged headlong over the rocky precipice! Falling upon the stones beneath, which skirted the river, they were killed at once, or if only wounded, the Indians were there to despatch them. In this single day we secured thirteen elk, twenty eight deer and three antelopes. There were a few bisons upon

the prairie; but these took the scent before the fire closed in a circle, and all escaped by breaking through the openings, except two, which were driven over the rocks and made a part of our spoils.

It was useless for us to try this trick of catching animals on the prairie over again; for all that remained had fled to the forests, and beside we had secured as much game as we could carry. So we set out for home.

On our journey we met with a troop of wild horses, some fourteen in number, and we tried to catch one of them. But they were the most timid and watchful creatures I ever saw. It was indeed quite impossible to get near them. I was told however, that some of the Indian tribes, further south, were very skilful in catching wild horse, and that they made quite a business of it.

We also met with a small band of Osage Indians, who attacked us one night as we lay in our tents. They came upon us by stealth, and then set up the war-whoop as they plunged into our little camp. We were taken by surprise, and the enemy succeeded in carrying off all our horses, four in number, together with a considerable part of our game. We pursued them the next day, but without finding them.

At last we reached home, and we got plenty of jokes from the women for being robbed by the Osages. The loss of our game proved serious, for before spring we were short of food; and as the winter was severe where we were, the whole tribe moved to the south, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Arkansas river. There we found plenty of small game and abundance of fish.

I remember to have been greatly astonished as well as amused, by the songs of the various animals crowded into the swamps in those regions. The spring began as early as February, and never had I imagined such a hubbub as burst forth from the thickets as soon as all the birds, frogs, and alligators were satisfied that winter was over.

Gentle Reader! Did you ever hear a flock of children—hearty, healthy hoydens—girls and boys, black eyes and blue eyes—when all by themselves, in an attic, or a barn, or a school-room? Whew! what a racket! But excuse me, reader, if I ask another question. Were you ever, of a summer evening, in the swamp of a southern climate—one of those which border the southern portions of the Mississippi or the Arkansas?

If not—then you have never heard one of the queerest concerts that can be listened to. How shall I describe it? We may portray things to the eye by pictures, but we cannot paint sounds. To what shall I compare the swamp serenade of the tropics? Alas, it is without a parallel. The congregated uproar of the poultry yard—roosters crowing, turkeys gobbling, hens cackling—

“Cut-cut-cadaw cut—
Lay an egg every day,
And have to go barefoot! »—

geese gobbling; ducks quacking; Guinea-hens yelling; pigs squealing—this is nothing. Reader, you may have heard the soft serenade of a couple of cats beneath your window, sounding all the louder, because of your anxiety to get to sleep, and the death-like stillness around; but this is nothing!

You have perhaps heard the shout of a school set free—the hubbub of a Lowell factory—the clatter of steamboat paddles—the rush of some spit-fire engine and its train upon a railroad track—the tearing fire of a militia muster, “all together”—which means one after another. All this you may have heard. Nay more—by an effort of fancy, you may have put them

all together, and worked one into another by Mar-maduke Multiply's table—crossways, and up and down—and yet you have but a faint idea of the clang—or made by the frogs, alligators, whippoorwills, chuck-will's-widows, and other songsters of a southern swamp, when they set up for a real serenade—*all by themselves!*

We all know that the Italian orchestras undertake to describe storms, tempests, and battles—shipwrecks, love and murder—by music. If one of the opera companies will go to an Arkansas swamp, listen to the performances there, and come back and give us a good imitation, I engage that they shall make their fortune.

Mr. Southey undertook to tell about the cataract of Lodore, and he attempted to convey some notion of the commotion of the waters by the gushing of his lines, and he succeeded very well; but how can any one put the puffing of alligators into rhyme? Old Homer, I am told, has imitated frogs in Greek—but the thing is scarcely possible in English.

After all I have said, gentle reader, I shall not attempt to describe the songs of the swamps aforesaid. This I must leave to yourself. Suppose

that you are in Arkansas, or Louisiana; suppose that it is sunset, of a day in April or May. A swampy thicket is before you; around are gigantic plants, of a thousand forms, and gaudy flowers of many hues; gnats, mosquitoes and gallinippers, fill the air, and sting you at every available point. Fireflies begin to glitter. On every hand, as the darkness falls, the scene around becomes illuminated with myriads of these fleeting meteors.

A strange, loud sound bursts suddenly from a bush at your very ear, exclaiming, "chuck-will's-widow!" It is repeated—slowly at first—and then more rapidly. Pretty soon another voice exclaims, "whippoorwill!" "Confound us! confound us!" says a croaking throat in the mud. "Botheration! botheration!" says one at a distance. "Thief! thief!" cries another. Then fifty voices break out, and run into each other like the notes of a watchman's rattle. The din rises higher and higher. More voices are added to the chorus, while every one speaks louder and quicker—and ever and anon, the deep voice of the alligator is distinctly heard, betwixt a grunt and guffau—seeming like the notes of the kettle-drum, or double bass, to this wonderful

concert of birds and reptiles, when all by themselves !

CHAPTER VI.

Journey over the Rocky Mountains.—The Pacific.—Curious Indian customs.—A river full of salmon.—Fish story.

If I were to give a minute account of all that happened while I was with the Indians, it would fill a large book. Perhaps I may, some time or other, give a more particular account of my adventures; but I must now condense my narrative, and give only the leading events of my life with the Indians.

I continued for nearly six years with the tribe of Kickapoos, who first made me their captive. During this period, these Indians frequently shifted their abode, partly with a view to the acquisition of game, and partly to escape the neighborhood of troublesome enemies. We had occasional skirmishes with other tribes, and once a serious war with the Osages.

Small companies of white hunters and fur traders sometimes visited our camp, taking our furs, and giving us powder, ball and trinkets in return. The trade in furs became more and more an object to

the tribe, and, finally, it was a part of their system to despatch some of the men every winter to the mountainous country at the west, for the purpose of killing foxes, wild-cats, and other animals, in order to obtain their skins.

I accompanied one of these parties, which consisted of eleven men. We proceeded, early in the autumn, to the Rocky Mountains, and, hearing that game was very abundant on the other side, we traversed that immense range, and found ourselves upon its western slope. We came to a river, which, it was said, emptied its waters into a great salt lake. Impelled by curiosity, we continued our ramble to the westward, and, at last, reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Novelty strikes even the imagination of the savage. Our party were, therefore, not a little excited when they gazed at the boundless sea, and noticed the greenish tinge of its waters. When they tasted it, and perceived its salt and bitter flavor, they spit violently, and uttered a great many exclamations of astonishment. It was here that I first saw a ship. This was one of the American vessels, going to trade with the Indians on the north-west coast, and to obtain

their furs. She passed near us, and I could easily distinguish her sails, her ropes, and some of the men. I had often heard of the white people, since I had been with the Indians, but nothing I had ever seen had given me such an idea of their skill and power as did this vessel.

We lingered along the shores of the Pacific for some weeks, and here we met with various tribes of Indians. Some of these were called Flat-heads, the upper part of their heads being flattened, by placing them in infancy between two boards. It may seem difficult to account for the prevalence of such a painful and unnatural custom; but we must remember that fashion governs the Indians as well as the white people. Some of the savages bore holes through their ears and noses, for the purpose of suspending jewels therein. Some submit to a burning of the flesh, in order to tattoo the skin; and those we have just mentioned compress the skull between two boards. These things are all done in compliance with fashion.

It must be remembered that the events I am now describing took place twenty years ago, before California belonged to our country, and before the gold

mines were discovered. The place where we came to the Pacific Ocean was, I suppose, the southern part of Oregon. At all events we discovered a river so stocked with fish that they seemed really to fill it; and as this corresponds with the description of the Columbia river, I presume it was one of its branches we saw. The fish were salmon, and we found them delicious.

We learned that the tribes of Indians, all along the coast and for hundreds of miles inland, came to catch salmon in the spring of the year, at which time they ascend the Columbia. Many thousands of Indians are seen here at this season, engaged in catching and drying fish. They have long tents where they roast and smoke them, and then pound them into a kind of fish-bread, pack them in baskets of willow and carry them home.

When the Indians arrive at the fishing station, they are very thin and lean, as if half starved; but in a few weeks they are fat and oily. They feed their horses and dogs on fish, and these animals get very fat also. There is no place in the world where the salmon are so abundant as in the Columbia river.

There is another thing very wonderful in this re-

gion of Oregon, and that is a kind of tree which grows three hundred feet high! The trunks are very often twenty feet in diameter, and grow to the height of two hundred feet without a branch. They are by far the largest trees in the world.

CHAPTER VII.

Return across the Rocky Mountains.—I am captured by the Pawnees.—I determine to escape.—Interesting events.

I must now proceed with my story. We at last returned to the Rocky Mountains, and spent the winter in the pursuit of game. We killed a number of wild sheep and wild goats, and several beautiful little antelopes. These creatures we found in small herds at the eastern foot of the mountains. They were exceedingly agile, with gentle, black eyes and mild countenances, and seemed to speed over the ground almost as swiftly as a bird could fly.

Loaded with furs of various kinds, we set out for our return. One night, as we were encamped upon the banks of a small river, we were attacked by a party of about twenty Pawnees. Two of our Indians

were killed in the fight. I was myself taken prisoner, and nearly the whole of our furs fell into the hands of the assailants.

I was now taken with my new captors to the encampment of the Pawnees, a distance of five days' journey. I submitted with apparent satisfaction to my captivity and, making myself useful, soon acquired the favor of the people among whom I was now adopted. I had, however, no real attachment toward them, and determined to seize the first favorable opportunity for my escape. Several months passed, and I began to be more reconciled to my lot, particularly as I was now regarded as a leader among the hunters of the tribe.

A plan was soon set on foot for a marauding expedition against the Indians dwelling far to the eastward of our present position. We had plenty of horses, and thirty of us, well mounted and equipped, set forth upon the proposed adventure. We proceeded eastward, and traversed a large extent of country, and, at last, came within the vicinity of some scattered settlements of white men.

I now discovered that it was the purpose of my companions to attack these settlements,—a circum-

stance which they had before concealed from me. This concealment probably arose from their knowledge that I was of white descent, and they were, perhaps, afraid that I would not join them heartily in plundering my own kindred.

At last, however, they told me their scheme. Though I had been long with the Indians, and had imbibed their customs and feelings, yet I was by no means pleased with the idea of attacking these white settlements. I knew it was unsafe for me, however, to avow my scruples; for, if their suspicion was excited, they would not hesitate to send a bullet through my heart. I therefore received their proposition with apparent unconcern. Perceiving, however, the keen eyes of an old chief bent suspiciously upon me, I thought it necessary to profess an interest in the enterprise which I did not really feel.

The intention of escaping from the tribe, which I had formerly cherished, now revived, and an opportunity was only wanting for me to take leave of them forever. While I was in this state of mind, we came into the vicinity of a small white settlement, consisting of four or five houses. One of our party had been in this quarter before, and knew the situation

of these dwellings. They were all scattered, and one of them which he described as apart from the rest, was thought likely to afford considerable plunder.

It was deemed best, however, before making the attack, to gain more exact information of the present state of things among the settlers; and, with this view, it was proposed that four of us should paint and dress ourselves as Osages, and pay a visit to these white people under pretence of selling them furs. We halted in the thick forest, and made our preparations. Our party of spies then set out on foot, and proceeded to visit the houses of the white men. We found five or six log-houses built upon the borders of the White river, each of them having some cleared and cultivated lands around them.

A little higher up the stream, we came to the separate house which has just been mentioned. It was larger than those we have described, and had the appearance of considerable comfort and thrift on the part of the inhabitants.

When we entered the house, we saw two women; one of them about middle age, the other about sixteen. It was now several years since I had been

with the Indians, during which period I had not seen a white woman. The moment I looked on those now before me, my former associations and trains of thought revived. We addressed the oldest of the females, and asked for a cup of water. She replied in tones of kindness and courtesy, but I could perceive something of trepidation and anxiety in her manner. Her voice, also, awakened indescribable emotions in my breast.

The young lady soon brought us a pitcher of water, and when I looked upon her, it seemed to me that I had never beheld a creature so lovely. As the man of the house was not at home, we soon departed, and our business being now accomplished, we proceeded straight back to our companions, whose lurking-place we reached late in the evening. We communicated the information we had acquired, and it was soon resolved to make an attack upon the last house we had visited, the very next night.

The situation in which I now found myself was most painful. The deepest interest had been excited in my breast toward those whom the savages had resolved to sacrifice. The forms of the mother and daughter continually haunted my mind; and a

strange fancy that it was my mother and sister whom I had seen, seized upon me. Improbable, impossible, indeed, as this seemed when I considered it calmly, there was still a conviction resting upon my heart that I was about to engage in assailing the dwelling-place of my parents, with every chance of sacrificing the lives of my kindred.

I was not long in resolving to take no part in this murderous scheme, except to baffle it. But what could be done? To escape from the savages, forever on the watch, and, doubtless, in some degree suspicious of me, was a thing by no means easily achieved. I determined, however, to make the attempt, even if it cost me my life.

It was the plan of the Indians to remain where they were till about midnight, then to proceed on horseback to the vicinity of the settlements, and, having tied the horses in some sheltered spot, to go on foot to make the assault they meditated. Early the next evening, the whole party lay down for the purpose of obtaining some repose, their horses having been fastened, so as to be at command. I had taken care that my own horse should be imperfectly tied, so that I knew he would soon get free.

In the course of an hour, and after most of the company were asleep, I heard the animal moving about. I then rose up, expressed some surprise, and remarked that my horse was loose, and that I must go and take care of him. One or two Indians, who were still awake, heard what I said, and, seeing nothing suspicious in my conduct, I was permitted to depart without interruption. I soon caught my horse, and cautiously led him away from the slumbering party. When I had gone to the distance of fifty rods, I mounted his back and plunged into the woods.

For more than a mile I took a direction opposite to the houses of the settlers. Then, making a wide circuit, I turned and pursued my way toward them. Coming to the bank of the river, I was easily guided in my course, and ere long reached the first of those settlements which I had visited with my Indian companions. I now awoke the people in the several houses, and, in the imperfect English I was able to command, told them of the attack that was meditated.

Four men, well armed, immediately started with me for the house which was to be the first object of attack. It was nearly midnight when we arrived and

roused the inmates of the house. There was no time to be lost, and immediate preparations to receive the enemy were made. In about an hour we saw their dark forms gliding out from the edge of the forest, and approaching the house. With a soft and stealthy tread they approached. Two of them seized upon a large stick of timber, and were advancing to the door, for the purpose of beating it in, when I thrust my head out of the window and uttered the war-whoop. The astonished Indians started back, and for a short time concealed themselves in an adjacent thicket.

I knew that they would recognize my voice, and understand that their plot was detected, and that preparations were made to repel it. I hoped, therefore, that they would retire and give up their enterprise. Such, however, was not their determination. In a short time they rallied, and, setting up the war-cry, advanced with rapid steps toward the house.

I marked the leader of the band, whom I knew to be the bravest man of the party, and, presenting my rifle, I fired. The Indian fell with a terrific scream. The rest of the party halted. There was a momentary bustle, and the savages disappeared. We continued on the watch till morning, and were then

happy to discover that the enemy had carried off their wounded leader, and abandoned the enterprise that had brought them hither.

I had been too intently occupied, during the night, to think of much beside the immediate business in hand, but I now turned my eyes upon the inmates of the house. These consisted of four persons,—a husband and wife of middle age, and a son and daughter now in the flower of youth. The thought again crossed my mind that here were my parents, my brother and my sister. At last, in the conviction that this was so, I placed myself before the matron, and said, as well as I knew how, “Did you ever lose a son?”

“Yes, yes! why do you ask?” said she, looking at me with intense curiosity.

“He is here,” said I.

“You, my son?” said she.

But I cannot describe the scene. It will be sufficient for the reader to know that I had the happiness that day of being restored to my family and saving them from the perils of an Indian assault.

It is now a number of years since the events took place, which I have described. I have learned to

understand the difference between savage and civilised life; and I cannot but be thankful to a kind providence which has brought me out of the darkness and ignorance in which I spent my early days. Some thoughtless people may deem it pleasant and amusing to live in the wilderness, and to spend one's life in hunting and fishing and other wild adventures. But it is not so. The life of the savage is a dull and dreary existence, enlivened only by passages of fierce excitement, such as wolves and tigers may feel in hunting their victims, in satisfying their brutal appetites, and in occasional sports which are, after all, only imitations of those scenes of blood and carnage to which their lives are chiefly devoted.

When I compare the pleasure I experience in reading, in acquiring knowledge, in studying the wonders of nature and the goodness of God in his providence towards man; when I feel the delightful emotions of love to my parents and to my kindred, and the charms of society with good and wise and learned people; when I compare all these with the fierce and brutal ways of Indian life, my heart bounds with gratitude and exultation that I enjoy the one and have escaped the other!



THE WHITE OWL.

The boundary between the states of New York and Connecticut is formed, to a considerable extent, of a range of mountains, the several peaks of which have different names. One of these is but little more than a naked rock, and, being formed of limestone, has a whitish look, when seen from a distance. It bears the name of the *White Owl*, derived either from its appearance or an ancient legend that still lingers among the neighboring inhabitants. The story is as follows :

The winter of 1780 was one of the most severe that has ever been experienced in this country, and, for half a century after, was known by the name of *the hard winter*. As early as November, the ground was covered with snow. It continued to fall almost every day, until it lay upon the earth at a general level of five feet. The fences were all buried, the

roads blocked up, and for several weeks there was no passing from village to village. During the month of February, the cold had become intense; many of the sheep and cattle were buried beneath the snowdrifts, and perished. The suffering of the people throughout the country was increased by the poverty of the inhabitants, in consequence of the war with England, which still raged in the country.

At this period, there dwelt at the foot of the White Owl a man of middle age, celebrated alike for his bodily strength, his courage, and his various adventures. He was one of those persons who are always meeting with something extraordinary; and such was his peculiar character, that he had acquired the familiar title of *Hardhead*. He was of a restless temper, and not even the severity of the season, already mentioned, could keep him quiet. In midwinter, and while the earth lay buried in snow, he sallied forth, and took his way up the rocky slope of the mountain.

It appears that he had not been gone long, before his foot slipped upon the snow, which had now become covered over with a hard, glassy crust. Sliding down the mountain a considerable distance, he

was at last thrown against the trunk of a large tree. The force of the shock was such as to deprive him at once of all signs of life. How long he lay in this condition is not known; but four persons chanced to be passing near the spot, and found him stretched upon the snow. He appeared to be dead, and no doubt entered the minds of the individuals who discovered him, but that he was frozen to death.

They were at a distance of more than two miles from any house, and they were therefore embarrassed to know how to proceed in disposing of the body of their unfortunate neighbor. After some consultation, they concluded to deposit it in a cavern near by, which one of the party had previously discovered while hunting among the mountains. This was accordingly done, and, as a defence against wild beasts, the mouth of the cave was closed by rolling into it an enormous stone.

Having accomplished this, the men went their way, intending, as soon as possible, to return with assistance from the neighboring village, in order to bestow upon the remains of the huntsman the rites of burial. This design, however, was baffled by the augmented severity of the winter. Day by day, the

snow increased, and the cold grew more and more intense. All communication with the mountain was soon cut off, and every individual was occupied in taking care of himself and his family, or in assisting his neighbors.

Several weeks passed away, and the body of the huntsman that had been left in the cavern, was almost forgotten. The cold weather continued till late in the following spring. It was not till the early part of May that the immense masses of snow and ice, which had been amassed in the ravines of the mountains, were wholly melted away. Three months had now elapsed since the four men had placed the body of the huntsman in the cave. It became a question in the village whether they should permit it to remain, and consider the cavern as its final tomb, or whether it should be taken out, and placed in the burial ground.

The latter opinion at last prevailed. About a dozen persons accordingly proceeded to the mountain for the purpose of carrying this design into effect. With considerable effort they rolled away the stone from the mouth of the cave. They then paused for a few moments, feeling a kind of horror at the idea of

entering what they deemed the house of death. It is not possible to describe their amazement at seeing something, bearing the image of a man, now crawling forth upon its hands and knees from the cavern! The apparition bore a countenance pale and haggard; the beard was long, and the hair, standing in all directions, was white as the driven snow. The spectacle was too awful to be withstood. Most of the party fled at first sight. A few lingered to take a more deliberate view of the seeming monster; but as the image came more fully into the light, and seemed to fix its glaring eyes on those around, they too were seized with terror, and fled.

The story of an awful adventure in the mountains was soon spread through the village. At an early hour in the evening, every family was gathered in, and the door shut; no one dared to venture abroad that night. Two or three persons, who had the hardihood to look out of their windows, declared that they saw the ghost of Jacob Hardhead passing along in the moonlight. On the morrow, sitting upon the steps of the meeting-house, there was found a man, who seemed to be on the verge of threescore years and ten. The minister of the parish, with the two

deacons and selectmen, approached and questioned the stranger. He pointed to the mountnin, then shook his head, and was silent. It was no other than Jacob Hardhead! He retired to his dwelling, and months passed away ere he was able to tell his story. His tongue was then loosed, and he gave an account of his adventures.

As he was climbing the mountain, his attention was arrested by a large owl sitting upon the branch of an aged tree. It was entirely white, and seemed looking about wistfully for food. As the huntsman approached, the bird plunged into the hollow of an enormous oak, that stood upon the slope of the ridge, and disappeared. Approaching the oak with the intention of ascending it in search of the owl, his foot gave way, and, sliding upon the snow-crust, he had been precipitated to the bottom of the cliff.

When his senses returned, he found himself in a state of complete darkness. Groping about, he was at last able to make out that he was in a cavern. By degrees, his eye became adjusted to the darkness, and he was able to see the objects around him. The cave was of considerable extent, and he found it to consist of several chambers, one above another.

Utterly at a loss to conceive how he had become thus imprisoned, he still determined, if possible, to get out. He sought to roll away the stone which had been placed at the mouth of the cave, but he was much enfeebled, and his strength was inadequate to the task.

A long time passed, and, at length, he found himself in want of food; but how could he obtain it? He had now before him all the horrors of starvation. When, at last, he seemed about to die of hunger, relief came from a quarter least to be expected. He had ascended to one of the upper apartments of the cavern, and thrown himself down in expectation of soon breathing his last, when he saw the very bird which had been the occasion of his misfortune, descending through an opening in the roof of the cave. It alighted upon a projecting shelf of the rock immediately above his head.

What was the joy of the prisoner to observe that the owl had a young rabbit in its claws! Unperceived he reached forth his hand, and seized the legs of the quadruped as they projected over the rock. He pulled gently, but the bird held on, seeming determined not to relinquish its feast. But the prisoner

proved the stronger of the two, and soon possessed himself of the rabbit. The owl looked hither and thither, and seemed greatly bothered at what had happened; but the creature did not appear to suspect the truth. After fidgeting about for a time, it went to sleep, and left our hero to devour the rabbit with what appetite he could.

To make a long story short, the owl made frequent visits to the cave, always bringing a rabbit, a squirrel, a barn-door fowl, or something of the kind. A part of this plunder was taken by our hero, who thus sustained life during the three months of his imprisonment. His long confinement in the chill bosom of a cavern, the scantiness of his food, and the anxiety which filled his mind, turned his hair white, bowed his frame, and gave him the aspect of old age. He, however, lived many years, and his story passed down to after times among other curious legends connected with the mountain.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
THOMAS TITMOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

Gentle Reader, allow me to introduce to you one of my friends, named *Titmouse*! Let us suppose that he is present, here before us. Mr. Titmouse, these are my friends — John, and James, and Susan, and Lucy! Now you may go, my pretty bird!

Well, as Titmouse is gone, we'll have a little talk about him. But remember, boys and girls, I never say any thing bad of a neighbor who has just made me a call. Some people, as soon as any one has turned his back, fall to picking him to pieces. How they do make the feathers fly! But this is not my way. I tell you all, Black Eyes and Blue, if you

come to see me, I shall say nothing but good of you when you are gone, and for this plain reason — I shall feel nothing but pleasure in thinking about you. Other people may do as they please. They may think it witty, and smart, and racy, and spicy, and clever, and every thing else, to say sour things of other people. I think just the contrary. Why, what is so easy as to pick flaws and find fault with people who are absent? This is called *backbiting*; and to mean and vulgar minds, it is just as natural as it is for a rattlesnake to bite those who come in his way.

But we'll not trouble ourselves about backbiters and rattlesnakes; for as I have said, I am going to tell you of my friend, Thomas Titmouse. Now, you must know that Tom had a father and mother; and, as to that matter, most people have fathers and mothers, at one time or another. I remember one fellow, — his name was Bob Berry, — a freckled, curly-headed, blue-eyed chap, who insisted upon it that he never had any father and mother, but that his aunt Biddikin was both to him. By the way, this Bob Berry—or, as we used to call him, Bobberry—was famous for always eating chesnuts, and for always

having his pocket full, at the same time. He could run faster, throw a stone farther, fly a kite higher, shoot an arrow farther, than any other boy at West-Lane school, always excepting Bill Keeler. I cannot say much of his book learning; for, to tell the truth, he was no great student. The moment he put a book before him, he became cross-eyed : one eye turned up to the wall, and the other squinted down at the floor. The master, whose name was Peppery, tried to whip Bob Berry's eyes straight; but the more he whipped, the more crooked they grew. One thing was very curious. As soon as the master began to lay on the stick, Bob always began to eat chesnuts; and he went on till it was all over. Master Peppery grew tired, at last, and gave it up.

Well, as I said, Bob was very clever in—

Really, I must beg your pardon, gentle reader. I had nearly forgotten my pretty friend Thomas Titmouse, whose portrait is hanging up before me, and whose history I am going to tell you. You will, perhaps, excuse an old man's rambling, especially as this has always been my way. When I was a boy, I often set out to do one thing, and actually did another. I remember that when I was about

eight years old, I was directed to take two bags, and go on the old mare, to Burt's mill, four miles off; there get two bushels of rye, have it ground, and bring the flour home in one bag, and the bran in the other. That was the way in R—— forty years ago.

Well, at Burt's mill, there was a famous fish pond, and so I calculated to fish while the grist was grinding. If you will believe it, I set out with a capital hook and line and a box of worms for bait; I mounted the mare; I travelled the four miles; I reached the mill; but I had forgotten the bags! What a scarlet fever I had for about two minutes! However, it was too late to go back; but the sun was two hours high, and so I went to fishing; and— and—

But about this Tom Titmouse! I must go on with his story, particularly as it is a very good story. I am sorry to set such a bad example of waste of time — but we all have our failings. The fact is, that when I was a boy, nobody had watches or clocks, and so we took things easy. We had three great epochs in the day—sunrise, noon, and sunset. The first and the last were easily settled, in fair

weather. When it was cloudy, we guessed at it. Noon was determined by a crease cut on the south door-sill. When the shadow got to that, it was twelve o'clock. This was a well-defined point, for then we had dinner! Dear me, how nice it was—pork, and cabbage, and greens! Alas! we don't have any such now. And the water — clear as crystal, cool and refreshing as nectar. What would I not give for a drink out of the old iron-bound bucket! Never shall I hear such music again as that old thing made against the stones, as it went rattling up and down. But I was talking of the time of day. As I said, nobody had watches. We did not say, it is nine o'clock, or eleven o'clock, etc.; not at all. We went by the sun in those glorious old days. He was our timepiece! We did not regulate the day by a little French machine, no bigger than one of Kelt's crackers. No, indeed! We used to say, "The sun is an hour high;" or "The sun is two hours high." Those were great times. Every thing then was grand. Why, a ten foot pole seemed longer to me then, than a magnetic telegraph does now. A raccoon, in the woods, was equal to a

grisly bear; and a wild turkey was as tall as a giraffe!

“ I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.”

But really, this Tom Titmouse. What shall I do? I have used up my paper and must beg you, good reader, to wait till another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Well, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse, or Tom Tit, as he was generally called,—a circumstance by no means against him, surely, for many celebrated personages have had nicknames, before his time. Cromwell was familiarly known as *Old Noll*; Napoleon was the *Little Corporal*; Andrew Jackson was

Old Hickory; Wellington was the *Iron Duke*; General Taylor was *Old Zack*. The truth is, a nickname is a sure sign of celebrity, and therefore the short title of *Tom Tit* shows that our hero is an individual of note, and well known to all the world.

Well, I began to speak of Tom's father; and, as to that, I might say a word of his grandfather, and grandmother, too, and, indeed, of his ancestors farther back. It is not every one that can tell who or what his great grandfather was; but in this case, we have the materials for a very precise biography. We can not only say who Tom's great grandfather was, but we can tell his favorite food, his hours of rest, labor and recreation; the exact color of his eyes; his weight to a quarter of an ounce; and his height to a quarter of an inch.

Tom's grandfather, then, or rather his great grandfather,—for I had got back to *him*,—bore the same name as his descendant, the subject of the present sketch. He was in many respects an example worthy of imitation. He went to bed early, and arose with the sun. He was a Washingtonian in drink, never tasting any thing but water, and of this he took just enough, and no more. How much misery

would be prevented if mankind would imitate the example of Tom Titmouse, the elder! And then, as to cakes, and sweetmeats, and ice creams, and jellies, and trifles, and hot oysters, and all that.—Mr. Titmouse never in his life put one of these things into his mouth. And what was the consequence? Why, he was a happy, lively, cheerful fellow, from infancy to old age. He kept all the commandments, so far as they were made for him. Who is there can say more?

While I am about it, I may as well say a word of Tom's grandmother. The fact is, that the very word *grandmother* stirs up the most interesting recollections. How well I remember my grandmother, with her black silk dress, her tall laced cap, her high-heeled shoes, her long waist, and her majestic gait! She was like a moving statue of Minerva, grown old, to be sure, and with abundance of gray, frizzed hair. She was a sort of divinity to others—grave, stately, venerable—an object of reverence. To me, she was kind, gentle, tender, motherly. Oh, what beautiful hymns she recited to me! Alas! shall I ever hear such again?

Sometimes she would sing me little songs in a

sweet voice. I remember one of them called the **SNOW-FLAKES**, and which was as follows :

Gently, gently, falls the snow;
Lightly, lightly, soft and slow;
Pretty crystals, tell me why —
Leave your home in yonder sky?

All above is pure and true,
Pretty snow-flakes—just like you.
Then why in heaven take your birth,
Yet seek a home on this dark earth?

Thus I spoke, and seemed to hear
A gentle spirit whisper near—
Though from heaven the snow-flakes fall,
And mix with earth—the fate of all—

When their winter task is done,
They 'll melt and mingle with the sun;
And his beams, in dew-drops rise,
Pure as before, to yonder skies.

And there was a ballad which my grandmother used to sing which I shall never forget; for although it was in a gay sort of measure, her tones were so melancholy that they sank deep into my heart. I must repeat the lines :

WHISTLING TOM.

Did you never hear of poor Whistling Tom,
A sailor who loved the sea!
As brave as a lion was whistling Tom,
And blithe as a lark was he!

A gale was a frolic to poor old Tom —
He called it a cracking breeze —
And gaily he whistled whenever the blast
Drove the madden'd ship o'er the seas.

His trill was soft as a nightingale's song,
Yet you heard it above the roar;
Though the vessel dashed and the billow flashed,
Tom only whistled the more.

If reefing a topsail that shivered aloft —
While the yards dipped deep in the spray —
Like a careless bird in his stormy swing
He whistled and worked away.

But the bravest must die, and poor old Tom
One night made the waves his pillow—
He sleeps there yet, though he whistles oft,
When the tempest lashes the billow.

I have heard his note in the midst of the blast;
It wailed like a spirit's moan;
He seemed aloft on the staggering mast,
And whistled, " Poor Tom's alone! "

As the tempest rises, the strain grows wild,
And shrieks in the ocean's roar.

When the storm is past, it dies away
And poor Tom is heard no more !

Now is not that a good song? I wish I could find somebody to sing it as my grandmother did. And then she told such stories about giants, and fairies and all that! She had lived in the time of the revolutionary war, and had seen Washington, and Old Put, and that blacksmith Quaker of Rhode Island, named Nathaniel Greene, who threw away his strait collar and broad brim, and went to fighting; and when he got at it, made the Redcoats trot hither and thither as they had never done before in all their lives.

Well, my grandmother knew all these people; and what stories she did tell about them! It really seemed to me that I could see them; and such was my awful reverence for these great men, that, up to the time I was seventeen, I had a sort of idea that Washington was about three times as tall as Goliath of Gath; Put as strong as Samson; and Nat Greene more of a general than Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal, all put together.

But to return. Let me see—where was I? Oh, I have it; I was speaking of Thomas Titmouse, whose biography I had promised to the reader. For the sake of brevity, I shall call him Tom, or Tom Tit, or simple Tit, as the case may require. I beg to say that by this abbreviation I mean no disparagement to the subject of this memoir. Tom, or Tit, or Tom Tit, or Thomas Tit, or Tom Titmouse—I always mean the same thing. This matter of name is not material; the thing signified is the essential point. “A rose,” says the poet, “by any other name would smell as sweet.” This reminds me of a Good story.

When I was a boy, I went to school, as I said, to Master Philo Peppery. Now, in those days, there was no market in R——, and people did not kill an ox every day. We had no penny papers to tell every thing that went on, and a good deal more. Squire Keeler, Colonel Bradley, and General King took the Connecticut Courant between them: thus we got the news. As to other matters, we heard the gospel at meeting on Sundays, and were satisfied. But when an ox was killed, the event was advertised at school. The way was this: toward the close of the day, when

all the reading, spelling, writing, and whipping were over, and just before that glorious word, “*DISMISSED!*” was announced, old Peppery used to say, “*Let all be seated! Attention! If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak!*” Now, it chanced that on one occasion, the master had seated the school, and in the midst of the awful silence, he said, as usual, “*If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak!*” In an instant, a lively little fellow, by the name of Richard Pease, jumped up, and said smartly, “*I don’t know any body that’s killed a beef, but uncle Seth has killed a hog.*” A terrible titter broke out on all sides. Peppery was amazed. “*Down, Dicky!*” said he, in a voice of thunder; and Richard Pease went by the name of *Down Dicky* till after he was one and twenty. But the name did not change him, for he was the same lively, pleasant fellow as before.

But, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse— . . . Really, gentle reader, I beg your pardon; I cannot do justice to the memoir I have undertaken in this chapter; let us therefore adjourn to another.

CHAPTER III.

I find it will be necessary to pass over Tom's ancestors, grandfather, grandmother and all. I must pass by his uncles and aunts, and even his brothers, sisters and cousins; or else his biography would stretch out to an octavo. It will be easily understood that I make a great sacrifice in this hop-skip-and-jump over Tom's relatives. Think of his relations, the snow-birds : by the way, you remember the lines :

When the leaves and flowers are dead,
When the other birds are fled,
When the winter wind is keen,
Then the snow-birds all are seen.

When the flakes are falling fast,
When the forest feels the blast,
When the drifts in circles play,
'Tis the snow-birds' holiday.

When the earth is covered deep,
When in ice the rivers sleep,
When all other things are sad,
Hark ! the snow-birds' voice is glad !

When the frost is on the pane,
When the wailing winds complain,
When the boys come shivering in,
Hark, the snow-birds' cheerful din!

But when Spring, mid rosy light,
Bids stern Winter take his flight,
The snow-birds, in his stormy train,
Fly northward, where he holds his reign.

Well, then there are the chickadees, and the yellow-birds, and the sparrows, and the linnets, and lots of other large and ancient families, all very near acquaintances, if not blood relations, of the Titmouses. How many good stories I could tell about them !

However we are writing the history of Tom Titmouse, and as the subject is a very fruitful one, we must overlook what is foreign to the subject and go straight on with the matter in hand. This dilly-dallying, shilly-shallying will never do in biography, however it may answer in other things. I therefore proceed.

Tom Titmouse — the hero of our story, — was what you may call a sharp fellow. Not sharp in the bad sense, you know : not like Ned Sharp, of

whom there is a very good story, and which, by the way, I may as well tell you before I forget it.

Now Ned — or Edward, for that was his real name — was not ill natured nor ill tempered, nor very wicked in any way; but he dearly loved to tease people, and many a saucy joke did he play upon his youthful companions. Even his sister Jane, who was a good, kind creature as ever lived, was often made the subject of Ned's mischievous practices.

In vain did the boy's father and mother advise, caution, and threaten him for his faults and follies; a spirit of elvish fun seemed to be in his very nature. But at last he got cured in a way nobody expected.

The story is this: Ned had one day placed a pin in the bottom of a chair, with the point sticking up, and he expected somebody would sit down upon it. From this he anticipated a deal of sport. He had not put the point up very high, so as to inflict a severe wound; but he chuckled a great deal at the idea of seeing some one bound out of the chair, as if stung by a bumble-bee.

But it chanced that no one sat down in the chair for some time, and Ned's attention being directed to something else, he forgot all about the pin. After a

little time, he was caught in his own trap, for he sat down bang in the chair, and the pin entered pretty deeply into his flesh! In his agony and surprise, he jumped into the air, and uttered a terrible cry.

At first everybody in the room looked about with wonder, but pretty soon Jane went to the chair, and there seeing the pin artfully arranged, she had no difficulty in guessing at the cause of the uproar. She directed the attention of every one in the room to the pin, and at once all eyes were turned on Master Ned. He very speedily ceased crying, and hung down his head in shame. It was needless to preach a sermon to him on the occasion. He saw very clearly the moral of his adventure—which was, that *he who sets traps for others, is sure some day or other to be caught.* From that time he gave up his habit of teasing and mischief-making, and long before he was a man, he had learned to practise kindness to all around him.

But to return. Let me see—where was I? Oh! I was speaking of Tom's being naturally a smart fellow; and when I say this, I beg to be clearly understood. To be smart, is not to be overbearing and to injure, oppress and tread upon those who are beneath

you; it is not to wound the body or the feelings of those who are more sensitive than you are; it is not to be selfish and make your own plans and interests prosper by sacrificing the interests of others. There are many people who thrive by being hard and selfish and therefore are called smart; but after all, this is a dangerous course. You remember my story of the **TWO DOGS**? No? well, I may as well tell it.

Once upon a time, Two Dogs—the one a stout, athletic fellow—the other small, delicate, and feeble—were chained together. In this condition, they wandered from home, and set forth upon their adventures.

The large dog chanced to be entirely selfish, and cared for nothing but to gratify his own appetites, whims, and caprices. When he came across a piece of meat or a bone, he took it all to himself. When he desired to go in any particular direction, thither he went. If his little friend and companion begged for a portion of the food, rough old Jowler snarled and snapped at him, and would not let him have a bit. If little Trip grew weary, and desired to take some rest, the big dog dragged him along, and wondered

that such an insignificant creature should think of having any wishes of his own.

Thus affairs went on between the two dogs for several days. Jowler had his way in every thing, and was constantly out of humor with Trip, because he sometimes interfered with his appetite or pleasure. In all this, Jowler thought he was consulting his own happiness; but selfishness blinded his judgment, just as it sometimes does the judgment of human beings. Jowler carried the joke too far. Poor Trip, getting nothing to eat, and being pulled and hauled about, grew very thin and faint. At last, he could bear his miseries no longer; so he lay down and died.

What a horrid situation was this for Jowler! He had lost his companion; but this was not all. The dead body clung to him, and he could not shake it off. He dragged it about for a time, but the effort was very painful. By degrees, Jowler grew weary, and at last, overcome with fatigue, he lay down upon the ground, from which he was unable to rise. Here he remained in great distress for some days, when at last he also died.

This is a sad story, but it conveys a lesson, which

it is well for all to learn. Selfishness toward our friends and companions is always wrong, and, soon or late, it is likely to bring punishment upon us. Even if no other evil come from it, the remembrance of our injustice is sure to haunt us, and be, like the dead body of Trip to poor old Jowler, a burden from which it is impossible to deliver ourselves.

But, really — I hardly know what is the matter with me. I believe I am getting sleepy, and no doubt you are too, my gentle reader. So, with your leave, I'll take a nap. When you want the rest of Tom Titmouse's biography, I beg you will wake me up!

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

A wolf once made complaint that he had been robbed, and charged the theft upon his neighbor the fox. The case came on for trial before a monkey, who was justice of the peace among the quadrupeds in those parts. The parties did not employ lawyers, but chose to plead their cause themselves. When they had been fully heard, the judge, assuming the air of a magistrate, delivered his sentence as follows :

“ My worthy friends and neighbors, I have heard your case, and examined it attentively; and my judgment is, that you both be made to pay a fine; for you are both of bad character, and if you do not deserve to be punished now, it is likely you will deserve to be so very soon. That I have good

grounds for this decree, is sufficiently evident by the fact, that Mr Wolf's jaws are even now stained with blood, and I can see a dead chicken sticking out of Mr Fox's pocket, notwithstanding the air of injured innocence which he wears. And besides, one who gets an evil reputation can think it no hardship if he is occasionally made to suffer for a crime he did not commit."

This fable teaches us to beware of an evil reputation; for it may cause us to be punished for the misdemeanors of others. Thus, if a person gets the character of a liar, he will not be believed when he tells the truth; and when a theft is known, it is of course laid to some one who has been caught in stealing before.

THE BOB LINK.

June, the first of the summer months, presents us with many interesting things. The meadows are now covered with flowers in full bloom : the forests have put on their beautiful garments of green : the birds are busy in tending their young; the mornings are ushered in with silvery dews, and the evenings come like a soft veil thrown over the cradle of her children, by the gentle hand of nature, to make their slumbers sweet and secure.

The farmer is now engaged in gathering his crop of hay,—though, as he swings his scythe, he unhappily disturbs many a pretty nest of the meadow lark, the sparrow, and the boblink. How the latter does sing “Get out o’ the way, old Dan Tucker,” —as the mower intrudes upon his dominion! How-

ever, it is better that Bob should be disturbed now and then, than that the cattle should starve, and every body go without milk and meat.

But let us go to some field, where the mower has not yet appeared. Let us stop and listen to Bob—with his white nightcap on. What a set of names he has got—boblink—bob o' linkoln—skunk black bird—and rice bird. He seems to have as many names as those rogues who are sent to the state's prison, yet he has no other quality in common with robbers and counterfeiters. He is no thief, for what he takes, he takes in open day; he is no pick-pocket, for while the cat-bird filches cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and grapes, Bob is content with the waste seeds of the meadows. He is no counterfeiter,—no, he is a downright fellow, and is never afraid to speak his mind. Meet him where you will he springs into the air, and seems to give you a challenge in the following words :

“ Jem Richardson, Jem Richardson,—get away—get away : it 's very disagreeable of you to trouble us : get away ! get away ! ”

Different people fancy the boblink to say different things. A girl of sixteen blushes at his open, imper-

tinent calling out of the name of her lover, which she supposed a secret to every one but herself; the miser thinks his song like the jingling of keys; a tory fancies that the rogue calls him a whig; a whig, that he reviles him as a tory; a boy going home from school, imagines that he is mocking him for spelling the word *jingo*, with two g's. If Bob could really write a song, I think it would be something as follows :

BOB O'LINKOLN'S SONG TO THE MOWER.

Tinkle, tinkle, Mister Ninkum,
I am merry Bob O'Linkum :
Prithee, tell me what's the matter,
That you are making such a clatter.
Can't you leave us honest folks
To sing our songs and crack our jokes ?

It is cruel, Mister Ninkum
Thus to bother Bob O'Linkum.
I had thought the meadow mine
With its blossoms all so fine ;
And I made my little nest
Near the clover all so blest.

But you come, oh naughty Ninkum,
All unheeding Bob O'Linkum —

And you swing your saucy blade,
Where my little nest is made;
And you cut the blooming clover,
Which did wrap my young ones over.

Get you gone, Oh Naughty Ninkum,
Leave the field to Bob O'Linkum,
Let him on his light wing hover
O'er the summer scented clover :
Let him sing his merry song
And he'll thank you all day long.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A

SPARROW.

April, the second of the spring months, is introduced by a sort of holiday, when all the wags exert their wit to pass off practical jokes upon their friends and companions. In the olden time, the 1st of April was called All-fools' day, and from time immemorial, it has been thought allowable for every body to make as much fun of every body else upon this occasion, as they please. The origin of such a strange custom is not well ascertained, but whoever may have invented it, it seems to be a favorite day with young people, and we know of some old ones who enter fully into the spirit of the time. For ourselves, we are free to confess that we have been April-fooled more than once, and that too by those who do not number a fifth part of our years; and

we may add, that we enjoy the innocent and pleasing jokes put upon us, as heartily as those we crack off upon others.

But it is April, and we have something agreeable to say of this month, though some people call it capricious, changeable, uncertain, and all that. April is positive spring — a little chilly now and then, no doubt, but still, it has no winter in it. It is not like March, a mixture of sour and sweet, of rough and smooth, gentle and rowdy. In April, the grass begins to look green, the daisies peep timidly out along the southern slopes, the buds of the lilacs swell, the crocuses burst into blossom, the showers come pattering down from heaven, as if the earth were a garden to be watered for the approaching season of fruits and flowers. It is indeed *spring*; the myriads of inhabitants of the vegetable world are springing into birth; the myriad insects are springing from their shells, and preparing to enter upon their happy existence. Hope springs up in the heart of man; the old renew their youth, and the young look forward with joy into the pictured regions of the future.

Among all the pleasing incidents of spring, there

are none perhaps more gratifying than the return of the birds. What a beautiful department in the kingdom of nature, is that of the feathered tribes! How varied are they in size and shape! How graceful their forms — how beautiful their flight — how lovely their music — how interesting their manners and customs — how exquisite their plumage — how admirable the mechanism of their bodies — how amazing and mysterious their instincts!

The relation of these creatures to man increases the interest which they excite. I am not now thinking of geese and turkeys, hens and chickens, ducks and partridges, which minister to mere animal pleasures; but of those vague aerial creations which live, around us, and in companionship with us, yet always at such a distance as to prevent that familiarity which breeds contempt, and to keep alive the mystic interest with which we regard them.

Little people are very apt to be fond of big things. Thus, children, who can hardly run alone, are delighted with eagles and ostriches. As we grow older, we regard objects, not according to size, but according to other qualities. So it is with me, and being an old man, I look with more interest upon the

little wren that I see hopping about my garden—the chipping-bird that builds in the lilac-bush beneath my window, and the robin that sings from the top of one of my old apple-trees, than I do upon the wild geese that are seen shooting like arrows through the heavens, or the eagle that bathes his wing in the crimson clouds of morning.

How many pleasant ideas come to us as these familiar birds—the sparrows, the wrens, the robins—return to us in April, after their long absence, and their far journeyings during the winter! How pleasant are their little faces, as they peep at us from amid the bushes! How sweet are their timid and trembling notes, as they begin their rehearsal for their summer concert! How do they remind us of fruits and flowers of past years—of past pleasures—of things beautiful in themselves, and more beautiful as they are now departed!

Our interest in every thing is increased as it may be connected with ourselves. The child loves *his* toy, *his* dog, *his* kitten, *his* pig better than any other toy, dog, kitten, or pig in the wide world. Old boys are pretty much like young boys, and I, Robert Merry, confess that I have a peculiar attach-

ment to a particular bird, that for three successive years has built his nest in a bush not far from one of my windows. He is one of the smallest species of sparrows which are seen in New-England; we call him by the name of Chipping-Bird. He is what the naturalists, who love big words, call *Fringilla Melodia*; but all the boys and girls like him better by his more homespun title.

Though he has never read any of the good books, he seems to me to be a remarkably intelligent, virtuous, well behaved sparrow. He never has more than one wife at a time; he never scolds her, he sings to her his best songs, and treats her in a loving and sympathizing manner. He is up early in the morning, and thus is a pattern of industry. He is never out late at night, he drinks nothing but cold water, and spends no idle time at the tavern. He does what is to be done, and always in the best manner. He is cheerful, and thus rebukes the gloomy. He sings gay songs, sports upon the breeze, and gabbles and frolics on the edge of a brook. He thus seizes upon the joys of life, and says to those who would be sad or sour, "Go thou and do likewise."

He builds his nest with infinite care and art. He,

watches over the mother during the period of incubation, and often takes her place upon the nest. When the young ones are hatched, his joy is unbounded. Early and late he is upon the wing, and the choicest seeds and insects are put into their little gaping mouths. As they advance in age, he sings to them the melodies that God has taught him. With jealous eye, he watches every cat or bird of prey that comes near, and if need be, rushes in the face of destruction for their defence. He is indeed a very model of a father.

Such is my little Dick Sparrow. It is now April, and he has just come back to me. Sweet bird, I am glad to see thee! There is thy bush—I give it to thee in fee—no boy, no dog, no cat, shall disturb thee there! There bring thy mate, there sing thy song, there build thy nest, there rear thy young. I owe thee much, and what I owe, I will repay. I give thee welcome, Dick, and the more, that thou art late in thy coming. Thou art wont to be here before April-fool's day. Pray, what has delayed thee? What have been thy adventures since we parted? Where hast thou been? What climes hast thou visited? What dangers hast thou escaped?

What pleasures hast thou enjoyed? Would thou couldst tell thy story, Dick. I have ten thousand little friends, who would be very glad to hear it. Why art thou dumb when I make this appeal? Thou canst sing, but alas, there is an impassable gulf between thee and me! Speech, thou hast not; so I must tell thy story for thee. Well, Dick, here is thy tale, and if it be the work of fancy, thou at least wilt never contradict my words.

“ Chip-chip-cheer-r-r-r-r-y — Pray how shall I begin! Perhaps a rhyme or two will set me going; so —

Come all ye little Boys and Girls,
With sunny locks or raven curls—
With eyes of black or eyes of blue,
And hear a story told for you!

“ Well, now I must begin at the beginning. I was born somewhere in New England, in a bush situated upon the borders of an orchard. I recollect very little of what happened to me before I was hatched, and therefore, I shall say nothing about it. The brood of which I was one, contained four individuals. We were carefully tended by our parents, and speedily found ourselves covered with feathers.

During the period which had thus elapsed, our parents were engrossed with their family cares, though they occasionally sang a song, or uttered a cry of alarm, as some prowling cat or wanton boy, came near our nest.

“ When at last our feathers, wings, and tails were pretty well grown, preparations began to be made for leaving our nest. This was a great event. Hitherto we had lived quietly at home, having no cares and no fears, and being troubled about nothing. Now we were to venture forth into the wide world. In a few days, we were to be left by our parents to take care of ourselves; to rough it and tough it as we might.

“ At this time, my father and mother, especially the latter, seemed to be in a state of great anxiety. I was the first to sally from the nest; I stood upon the edge of it for a time, and looked all around. Then I whisked my tail, and flourished my wings, and shook my feathers. I was very much afraid to start, but both my parents seemed to say, “ Go it, Dick,” and away I went. I caught on one of the lower limbs of the bush, having performed a flight of at least fifteen inches. When I had done this and got myself well poised upon the twig, I looked

around, and felt as least as large as a cock turkey. I now think less of flying fifteen miles, than I did then of flying fifteen inches.

“ My little bed-fellows soon followed my example, though with varied success. One who was a feeble constitution, missed his footing and tumbled upon the ground. He cried piteously for help, and my parents did all they could for his relief; they spoke to him cheerily, encouraged him to hop along, and either by hopping or flying, to ascend into the higher branches of the bush; but it was all in vain. Night came on, and there he sat upon the cold ground, wailing amid the darkness. Toward morning, I saw a horrid cat approaching. She pounced upon the little bird, and uttering a faint cry, he perished in her claws!

“ The next day, the three of us that remained, continued in our native bush till toward night; a thoughtless boy then came along, and hearing us peep, he sent a stone at random among us. He then went along, not seeming to know or care for what he had done. But one of my little companions had his leg broken, and after suffering great pain for some hours, he expired.

“ The two of us that survived, were able to fly to some distance. Here we found shelter in the thick bushes. We continued here for about a fortnight, under the care of our parents, who fed us and instructed us with great attention. We then emerged from our retreat, and began to fly about freely, in the woods. I soon parted from my parents, and from that time have never seen them. I remained in the company of my little brother for some time, but one day he was snatched up by a hawk, and I saw him no more.

“ I soon found that a sparrow’s life was surrounded with dangers. Why it should be so, I could not tell, but all human beings seemed to owe me a grudge. Boys, in particular, never passed near me without throwing a stone or stick at me. I soon learned to shun these creatures as my worst enemies. I found, also, that cats, owls, hawks, and serpents were ever ready to devour me when I chanced to come in their way.

“ Under such circumstances, it might seem that I must have been the constant subject of fear or terror. Yet it was not so; I found that by a little prudence, I could keep out of harm’s way, which I took

good care to do. I found plenty to eat, for if seeds were scarce, I could feast upon gnats, flies and other insects. I had ever abundance before me ; my revel began in the morning, and only ended at night. Sometimes I wandered about the world alone, and sometimes I kept company with birds of my own feather. I practised music every day, and became an expert singer.

“ Thus, in roaming about from the forest to the valley, and the valley to the forest, in passing from one scene to another, in feasting, singing, and frolicking, my life flowed happily on. But a change was now approaching. The summer was passed, and autumn began. The chill winds blew, and the leaves fell down from the trees like a shower. Flurries of snow came drifting on the wind. The wise old sparrows said it was time to be off. So away we went, taking a southerly direction.

“ We proceeded by easy stages; some days we flew fifty miles, and on others we did not go five. If we met with plenty of food, we sometimes lingered till the approach of the cold winds from the north warned us to proceed on our journey. We passed over many towns and cities; we crossed rivers, lakes,

and bays. We visited many countries, and at last, far away, away in the south, we found a land of perpetual summer. Here the cold snows of the north could never visit us ; here the fruits and flowers were seen at all seasons upon the trees, and here in this beautiful country, which bore the name of Florida, I spent five long months.

“ During this period, I lived happily, for I had plenty to eat, and had companions all around me, and amid mirth and music time sped away. It is true that pleasure had its drawbacks. We found hawks, owls, cats, and serpents ready to devour us here, as well as at the north. But I never permitted these evils to disturb my peace. My heart was sometimes made to beat, by seeing one of my companions struck down by my side. But such things were soon dismissed from my mind. Life seemed to me a pleasant thing, and I made up my mind to enjoy it while it lasted.

“ At length the period arrived when it was said we might return to the north. This gave me great delight, for I felt that this southern country was not my true home ; I longed to get back to the land of my birth. I therefore very cheerfully joined my

companions, and we set out for our return. On we went, chipping and chirping, sauntering and singing, sometimes frolicking like a set of madcaps, and then steadily winging our way as if we were a parcel of little steam-engines.

“Never shall I forget the joy I felt in getting back to the very orchard in which I was born. It is true that I had some sad recollections, when I thought of my two little friends that perished beneath their birth-bush, but my natural gaiety prevailed, and mounting to the very top of an apple-tree, I sang the most lively, laughing, rowdy songs I could think of. Now I must tell you that near this very orchard, there was a comfortable looking house, belonging to a man who was lame, and always walked with a stout cane. He seemed to me to be a kind-hearted old fellow.

“It was said among all the birds round, that he permitted nobody to throw a stone, shoot an arrow, or discharge a gun at any kind of bird on his premises. It was also said that he always boxed the ears of boys who destroyed birds’ nests or birds’ eggs, or took away young birds, provided he could catch them. I watched the old fellow for some time,

and one day ventured into a lilac-bush, close to a piazza in which he was sitting. He saw me, and said something, which I understood to be, “ You are welcome, Mr. Sparrow.”

“ Before this, you must know that I had formed an attachment to a young sparrow of my own age. We had come all the way from Florida together. I told her about the kind old gentleman with the big cane, and described the lilac-bush and the welcome I had received. Having said this to my little friend, Polly Sparrow, I waited for a reply.

“ Well,” said Polly, “ you saw a lilac-bush and an old gentleman, and he seemed to give you welcome. What happened then ? ”

“ Why, nothing happened,” said I; “ but I propose that you and I should build a little nest in that bush, that you should have four beautiful little speckled eggs, and then four little young sparrows.”

“ As I said this, I looked in Polly’s eyes. She winked, said nothing, and flew away. I flew after her, and we had a real race and chase of it. I lost sight of her, at last; but, on looking about, I found her in the very lilac-bush that we had been speaking of!

We then had a hearty laugh, sang our song, and went to building our nest.

“I need not go on to relate my adventures, though a full account of them would fill a book. For three successive years I have built my nest and reared my young brood in the same place. I have formed a fast friendship with the old gentleman whose tenant I am, and hope for many years still to enjoy his protection. Every winter I take my journey to the south, and return with the earliest spring.

“Though my life extends to but four years, I have sung ten thousand songs, travelled fifty thousand miles, devoured one hundred thousand insects, and three hundred thousand seeds.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

CHAPTER I.

On the narrow and crooked isthmus which connects North with South America, about three miles eastward of the present city of Panama, the traveller may find the mouldering ruins of an ancient city. The place is now quite deserted; but the shattered and decaying remains of houses, churches and fortifications, show that, at some remote period, this was the site of a considerable town. It is, indeed, the spot where the old city of Panama stood, which was plundered and ruined by Morgan, the renowned buccanier, in 1670.

It is to this place, and as far back as the year 1530, that we ask the reader, in imagination, to accompany us. The scene presented at that time was

strange and striking. All around bore an aspect of wildness, save the little settlements which had been recently made by the Spaniards. The mountains, which here are broken into ridges, between which are broad and fertile valleys, rose into lofty pinnacles, and, at the period of which we speak, their slopes were covered with forests which nowhere showed the encroachments of man. In the wide scene bounded on the west by the Pacific, and on the east by the Andes, not a cultivated field, not a town, a city, or a village, was presented to the eye. The ocean, too, was yet the empire of the whale and the porpoise, for not a vessel had ventured to do more than to cruise along the coast to the distance of a few leagues.

The settlement of Panama, which soon after rose into a city, and became the centre of trade in this quarter of America, consisted almost wholly of rude barracks for soldiers, a church of rough stones, and a few scattered dwellings, mostly of wood, mingled with thatch. In this place, so recent in origin, and so humble in its actual condition, there were still hearts and minds that were filled with a pitch of enthusiasm, and an ardor of enterprise, not easily

conceived in our more tranquil days. America had now been discovered about forty years. It had been found to contain the precious metals—gold and silver—in an abundance which surpassed the dreams of the most unbounded avarice. Mexico had been conquered. Less than a thousand Spanish soldiers had mastered eight millions of people, and all their unmeasured wealth had become the spoil of the victors.

Nor was even this all. It was rumored that empires still richer than Mexico lay to the southward of Panama, and that, while gold and silver were so abundant there as to be used for the commonest utensils, the people were even less warlike and less capable of defence, than those whom Cortez had subdued. The name of Peru had reached the ears of the settlers upon the isthmus, and this was said to be the chief empire of the continent of South America. It may well be believed that, among a set of greedy, bold, and unscrupulous adventurers, like those in the settlement we have just described, such intelligence should have excited the most extravagant dreams of conquest and plunder, to be realized in the yet unexplored regions of the south.

In this state of things, we must introduce to our readers a group of Spanish soldiers, sitting beneath a tent, at a little distance from the barracks we have mentioned. They were four in number—three of middle age, and one a youth of scarce eighteen. They were all heavily armed, in the manner of that age, with iron breastplates and short, thick swords; by their sides lay, for each, a ponderous arquebus, then used instead of muskets. All, save the youth, had thick, short, black beards, a little grizzled and burnt by years and exposure to the sun and wind. They lay idly upon the ground—for the weather was excessively hot; but still the conversation seemed animated and interesting.

The elder of the group was speaking. “Nay, Bartolo,” said he, “I am getting old for such an expedition. Speak rather to Chicama. He is still young enough to be cheated by the dreams of glory and ambition. I have had enough of both; or, rather, I have worn out my life without seeing a great deal of either—unless they consist in toil, hardship, and suffering.”

“None of your misgivings, old Ironchest,” said Bartolo; “it is too late for you to repent; so you-

may as well go forward and fulfil your destiny. Nonsense! You talk of remaining behind, when a project for plunder is afoot? I should as soon expect to see a wolf refuse to feed on a flock of sheep, because of scruples of conscience."

"What is this expedition every body is talking of?" said the younger of the party, suddenly rising from a listless attitude, and giving his attention to the conversation for the first time.

"I will tell you," said Bartolo.—"You have heard of this dare-devil, who is called Francis Pizarro?"

"I have heard of him," said Chicama; "but I know nothing more than that he is esteemed a man of great intrepidity and vast ambition."

"That is true of him; but it is not all," said Bartolo. "He is every way a strange and wonderful man. Every point of his history is marvellous. It is said that he was born upon the steps of a church, in Truxillo, in Spain, and, being deserted by his mother, was nursed by a sow. This may not be true, but it is certain that his birth was exceedingly humble, and that he was totally neglected in childhood. He was never taught even to read or write,

and spent his early days in taking care of pigs. As soon as he approached manhood, he ran away, became a soldier, and visited America. Here he soon gained an ascendancy over those around him, and he is now intrusted by our most pious sovereign with the duty of conquering the renowned empire of Peru."

"And this is the expedition you are speaking of?" said Chicama.

"It is," said Bartolo; "and I, for one, am going to join it. They tell wild stories of this Pizarro; but still he is the very man for such an enterprise. It is only necessary to look at him, to feel confidence in him. He has a frame that seems created for endurance, while his countenance shows that he was made for command."

"And what are his means?" said Chicama.

"Oh, he has means enough. He began this scheme some years ago. Being joined by Almagro, whom every body knows to be a good soldier, and that rich, cunning, old priest, Du Luque, they entered upon their project. As their plan was to rob, burn, murder, and plunder the Peruvians, it was necessary to sanctify the business by religious ser-

vices; so Du Luque said mass, and, dividing the holy wafer into three parts, gave one to Pizarro, another to Almagro, and took the third himself. Thus the agreement was ratified, and the work will now go on in the name of the church."

"Yes, yes," said Chicama, "and if we join the expedition, we can murder, ravage, and plunder, as we please, and lay claim to reward for good service in the cause of religion, to boot."

"Exactly so," was the reply. "And further," said Bartolo, "the success of the scheme has been already put beyond doubt. Pizarro has made an expedition of three years to the coast of Peru, and has ascertained that the tales of the immense wealth of that country are short of the reality. He represents the people as gentle, timid and imbecile, living in tranquil ease; and, while they possess vessels of gold and silver, even for the use of the kitchen, their persons are glittering with gems worthy of a prince's crown. He has just been to Spain, and, having obtained the assent and aid of the king, he is going in a few days to set forth upon his enterprise."

"And I shall go with him," said Chicama. "And so shall I," said another, and another, till the four

soldiers had each declared his intention of joining the adventure of Pizarro.

CHAPTER II.

It was but a short period after the scene delineated in the last chapter, that Pizarro set out from Panama upon that expedition which resulted in the conquest of Peru. The amount of his force, and the extent of his equipments, might excite a smile of derision, did we not know the mighty success which crowned the enterprise. Three small vessels constituted his fleet, and one hundred and eighty men, with thirty-six horses, formed his entire army. It was early in the year 1530 that he departed, and, shaping his course by the shore, he proceeded eastward till he reached the bay of St. Matthew, after a sail of thirteen days. Here he landed a part of his force, and, while the vessels coasted southward, he marched in the same direction, keeping near the sea, that he might maintain a communication with his ships.

At first, his track lay through a sterile country,

thinly inhabited ; at the same time, the hardships and privations of the men were extreme. These were cheerfully endured for a time ; but, in a short space, they began to compare the alluring descriptions of the country, that had been spread before them, with the reality. The result was, a feeling of disappointment, and almost a spirit of revolt. Pizarro's plan, however, was to attack and rob the villages that came in his way, and, even in these, considerable masses of gold and silver were found.

Thus the flagging hopes of the invaders were kept alive, till they reached the rich province of Coaque. Here the soil was fertile, and, as it was now April, the aspect of the country was charming. It was also thickly peopled, and on every hand were visible the evidences of a rich and thriving community. Roused by these appearances, Pizarro and his men rushed upon the principal settlement, sword in hand. Amazed by the appearance of beings such as they had never before beheld, and finding themselves cut to pieces and shot down, by weapons that seemed to wield the thunder and the lightning, the inhabitants fled on every side. Abandoning their tranquil and peaceful homes to the destroyers, they sought refuge

in distant villages, or hid themselves in the mountains and thickets around. The aged and the helpless were abandoned, to be slaughtered by the wanton soldiery, or to perish from hunger and exposure. Prizing but lightly what the Spaniards most coveted, their vessels and implements of gold and silver, the inhabitants left these behind, and the spoil that fell into the hands of Pizarro and his men was immense.

Nothing could exceed the exultation of the victors on this occasion. Their late despondence was at once exchanged for the most extravagant rejoicings. The wealth was divided according to the rank of each individual, and the share of the common soldiers was such as to make all of them feel rich indeed. So great an interposition of Providence in their favor was worthy of especial remembrance, and Valverde, the priest and chaplain of the expedition, rendered public thanks to God for having vouchsafed so signal a triumph to the faithful followers of the cross, over the pagan infidels and idol-worshippers!

On the evening of the day that witnessed these scenes, two of the characters whom we have before noticed, Chicama and Bartolo, were withdrawn from

the rest of the soldiery. They sat upon a hill that sloped gently to the west, and seemed, in the far distance, to be bounded by the sea. On the east rose a range of lofty mountains, over whose tops the full moon was now beginning to ascend.

“ This is a lovely land — a paradise — is it not?” said Chicama to his companion.

“ Yes — no doubt,” was the reply, “ if it brings us such treasures as these. See here, this is solid gold; and yet it was used only as a saucepan by these savages!”

“ Poh! what do I care for your gold saucepans?” said Chicama. “ I say, look at the landscape around us! Was ever a scene more lovely? It really surpasses Andalusia, which I had fondly dreamed was the fairest spot on the globe. What a balmy air — so soft, so mild, and such sweet perfumes borne to us on every breeze! And these flowers, scattered over the uncultivated hill-side — how bright, even in the moonlight! Really, it makes me think of Andalusia.”

“ What a romantic fool!” said the rough Bartolo. “ Here you are talking of flowers, and the moon, and Andalusia, instead of looking over your

spoils. See, in that heap you have more gold and silver than you ever handled before in all your life!"

"Not so," said the young soldier; "not so, old Ironsides. I am no better than you now; but I have been in other circumstances. Yet that is neither here nor there, for we are on a level, as we are both soldiers. Yet——"

"Yet what?"

"I cannot tell you now; only, Bartolo, if you will take my share of the plunder, I shall be really obliged to you. I do not want it."

"You are still more a fool than I supposed."

"Call me what you please," said Chicama; "only take these treasures. I ask it as a favor."

The hardy old veteran hesitated a moment, and looked curiously in the face of his youthful companion; then, stooping down, he took the proffered heap, which consisted of various pieces of the precious metals, and, with his own share, crammed them into a sack. Having done this, he laid it over his shoulders, and proceeded toward the camp, leaving Chicama behind. The youth sat upon the ground for some time, in silence, as if meditating deeply; and then a gush of tears came down his cheek. At

length he rose hastily, dashed aside the moisture which filled his eyes, and was about to follow his companion, when a distant object attracted his attention. In a deep valley that lay toward the mountains, and which was not yet lighted by the rising moon, he saw a white figure, moving slowly forward. Another followed, and still others, until there seemed at least fifty, all emerging from a huge and uncouth structure that stood in the vale, and all taking their way in solemn procession toward the recesses of the wilderness beyond.

The scene excited the imagination of the young soldier, and, not waiting a moment, he set forward to ascertain the nature of this strange spectacle. He walked a considerable distance, and was greatly surprised that the objects of his pursuit seemed still almost as remote as when he first beheld them. He, however, went forward, and soon found that the clearness of the atmosphere had deceived him, and that what he had supposed was near at hand was, in reality, at a much greater distance. Yet his curiosity was too deeply moved to permit his return, without satisfying it; and he still strode forward with an eager pace, and at last approached the



CHICAMA AND RUNA.

procession. He could now discover that they were all women, their forms wrapped in white long mantles, and their heads decorated with coronets of feathers. They moved onward, with a measured tread, singing a mournful but monotonous hymn.

Chicama hesitated, for a moment, what to do; but, as he saw no male attendants, he suddenly emerged from the trees, and placed himself in the very path before the leader of the band. A terrific shriek from fifty voices rent the air, and the procession vanished like a dream. But one person remained, the leader of the troop, a woman in the bloom of youth. She was attired as the rest, with a robe that shone like snow in the moonlight; on her brow was a crown, set in front with black eagle's feathers. Her hair, which was dark as the raven, fell long and loose over her shoulders, while suspended from her neck was an image of the sun richly chased in gold. She was not tall, yet her aspect was commanding; and, though she seemed in a trance of amazement at the sudden appearance of the young Spaniard, it was evident that she disdained to fly. Chicama was himself no less taken by surprise. Never before had he met with any thing so strange, so romantic, so beau-

tiful. There was a pride on the fair one's brow, which seemed to speak defiance; yet, as the young soldier gazed into her deep, dark eyes, they fell, and she was for a moment abashed. But she looked again, and surveyed, with a mixture of awe and admiration, the tall and slender, yet athletic, form of the Spaniard, his breast and back cased in glittering steel, and his whole mien and attire, such as she had never seen before.

The interview soon became awkward, and Chicama advanced toward the stranger. She held in her hand a branch of some flowering shrub, and which seemed to be used as a kind of sceptre. With this she made a motion to repel him, but he approached and took her hand, at the same time kneeling. There was something so respectful in his demeanor, that she did not resist; but while his lips were pressed upon her hand, the twang of a bowstring was heard, and Chicama, with the arrow in his bosom, fell, bleeding, to the ground.

CHAPTER III.

We left our hero upon the ground,—wounded and fainting from loss of blood, occasioned by an arrow, which had sped unseen, to his bosom. Here he remained in a state of unconsciousness for some time. When he awoke from his swoon, he found himself on a litter made of branches of trees, and borne forward by four figures, robed in white. He soon discovered, that these were part of the train he had seen in the moonlight, and which had so keenly excited his curiosity. The remainder of the procession he could now discover, at a little distance, winding up the sides of a mountain.

His first thoughts were directed to the strangeness of his situation, and the wildness of the scene around. But, in a few moments, the smarting of his wound recalled the incidents which had lately occurred, and the scene which terminated in the temporary loss of his reason. He laid his hand upon his breast, and now discovered that though his garments were stained with blood, the arrow had been withdrawn, and a dressing of lint had been carefully laid upon the

incision. His mind then recalled the image of the leader of the band, and dwelt with mingled wonder and admiration upon her form and features.

The result of these hasty reflections was not altogether displeasing to the heart of Chicama. He was young, imaginative, and fond of adventure. Born to fortune, and brought up in ease and luxury, he had still broken through the softening influences of education, and joined the adventurers who had rushed in a tumultuous tide to the new-found world. Despising the flowery path of honor and fortune, which were his birthright, he went forth as a common soldier, determined to drift upon the tide which chance might bring in his way. He had engaged in the enterprise of Pizarro with these views; and, having no settled plan or purpose, he now yielded, with a sort of gratified wonder, to the career which seemed to open before him.

After marching forward for some time, now creeping slowly and carefully up the mountain, often treading along the dizzy edge of lofty precipices, and now as cautiously descending to the dark and dingy ravines below, the procession at last halted before a structure which seemed a rude fortress, partly

hewn from the native rock. After a short pause, the train proceeded, and was soon hidden in the shadows of the archway, which formed the entrance to the building. The bearers of our wounded hero followed, and, threading a devious passage, reached a solitary room, where they set him down and disappeared.

It was more than an hour that Chicama was left in solitude to observe the objects around, and to ponder upon the strange incidents which had befallen him. The sun was now rising, and the light, streaming into his apartment, enabled him to note the scene with precision. He was too weak to rise from his litter, but he could observe through a window, which consisted of an open space, without glass or other covering, that the building was low and formed of huge blocks of stone, heaped upon a natural parapet of rocks, which faced a declivity of the mountain. It seemed to be formed into a series of rooms, of different sizes, yet none rising above a single story. The roof was of stone, laid upon rafters of wood. In the room where he lay, there were a few articles of furniture, the uses of which he could, for the most part, hardly guess. A huge

basin made of gold, a hammer and axe of copper, and a kind of tankard of silver, were the only utensils which seemed to bear a semblance to those to which he was accustomed. As to chairs or tables, he could discover nothing of the kind.

Having observed and ruminated for a considerable time in silence, Chicama heard a light footstep, and, looking around, saw the form of the leader of the moonlight procession before him. She was attired as when he first saw her, and held in her hand the same flowering shrub. Her countenance was still beautiful and lofty, yet shaded with a touch of sadness. She did not speak, and laid her finger on her lip, to enforce silence upon Chicama. Two aged females had followed her. Directing the attention of these to the wounded soldier, she gazed at him for a few moments, with a mingled air of pity and reproach, and then departed.

Chicama would gladly have recalled her, but he had no words at command, which the stranger could comprehend. Having partly risen from his couch, he now sank back exhausted, and gave himself up to events, as they might happen. The two females, who seemed to be assigned as his nurses, set im-

mediately about their duties. They brought the youth some fresh water in a goblet, which, though of uncouth form, was of gold, and elaborately wrought. They then examined his wound, washed away the clotted gore, and applied a kind of vegetable poultice, laid upon a large leaf. They prepared for him a bed, made of the fibres of palm leaves, laid him carefully upon it, and, intimating that he must seek repose, one of them retired, while the other sat down in the court before the door.

The young soldier was too weak for deep reflection; the thought that a strange people whom he had come to rob and murder should treat him with such care and tenderness, having glanced across his mind, he resigned himself to sleep. But his repose was disturbed by painful dreams, and, before the day closed, his mind wandered in the delirium of fever. For a week he remained in a critical state; but, owing to the skill and devotion of his grizzly nurses, the disease took a favorable turn, at the end of that period, and he was soon able to rise from his bed.

His recovery was now rapid, and in a few days

he was able to walk about the court of the building in which he had been housed, and to make various observations upon it. It appeared, as we have before remarked, to be an extensive edifice, consisting of a long suite of rooms, all of one story, formed of rough stone, nicely fitted to each other without mortar or cement. It had a rude and irregular aspect, and seemed now nearly deserted.

In a few days, Chicama was strong enough to extend his walks; and, seeing that he was left to himself, he issued from one of the gateways of the castle, and, following a path made with great care and labor, soon reached an eminence from which he could take a wide survey of the adjacent country. He found himself on the top of a considerable mountain, which seemed but one of the mighty steps which ascended to the higher peaks beyond. Here and there, on the slopes and in the valleys which lay before him, he could distinguish groups of edifices, seeming sometimes to form villages, and at others appearing like large towns. The whole scene indicated a teeming population, and the desire arose in his mind to visit some of these places. While he was balancing in his mind, whether to put this wish

into execution, he chanced to see the face of one of his old nurses, peering through a group of bushes. He instantly perceived that he was watched, and, not choosing to incur the displeasure of those who had treated him so kindly, he turned, and slowly made his way back to his room.

On the morning which followed this incident, Chicama rose, as usual, and was about to sally forth to breathe the fresh air, when, to his surprise, he found the door of his apartment closed and bolted. He then turned his attention to the window, and found that also closed. He was about to force these barriers which confined him, when he hesitated, and began to consider his position. While he was busy with his reflections, he thought he heard a distant sound, quite unusual in this solitary spot. He listened, and could perceive a hum, like the moving of a vast multitude. His curiosity was quickened; and, bending his ear more keenly to the effort, he could discern something like the measured tread of an army, and the deep cadence of martial music.

Roused and agitated by these sounds, the young Spaniard applied himself to the framework which

fastened up the doorway, but found his strength insufficient to force it open. He then climbed to the window, but was unable to make a passage there. While he stood on a projecting rock in the wall of his room, hesitating what course to pursue, his eye caught an opening in the roof; and, with a slight effort, he made his way through it, and thus unexpectedly found himself on the top of the building. Casting his glance in the direction in which he had heard the sounds before described, he saw a vast procession moving slowly forward upon the road or causeway, to which we have before alluded. Already were the foremost of the party near the castle, and Chicama, himself unnoticed, could distinctly see the faces, dress and equipage of many individuals of the train.

The leaders seemed to consist of soldiers, lightly armed with bows and arrows, spears, slings, and small battle-axes. Of these there were about a hundred. Then came a numerous retinue of men, gaily decorated with gaudy feathers, and glittering with gems and ornaments of gold. Each wore a cap, or coronet, set round with feathers, and bound by a fillet covered with emeralds, rubies, and dia-

monds. Behind this gorgeous throng, an individual of lofty mien, and still more richly attired, was borne on a litter by eight men, all in the bloom of youth, and attired with the utmost simplicity. Such was their strength, that the weight of their burden seemed like a feather, and they strode forward as freely as if wholly unencumbered.

Behind the individual who seemed the chief personage in the procession was a small group of females; they were on foot, yet richly dressed, and bearing an aspect of unusual dignity. Immediately following these was a train of women dressed in white; and Chicama had no difficulty in perceiving that the leader was no other than the remarkable personage whom he had met at the head of the moonlight procession, and in whose presence he had received the arrow-shot wound in his breast. Beyond this train of white-robed women, a mingled throng of soldiers and attendants came rolling on, without confusion, yet without seeming order or discipline.

The whole number of persons thus displayed to the view of our adventurer amounted to some thousands: yet there was not a horse, or other quadru-

ped, among them; nor was there a travelling vehicle of any kind, except the highly ornamented litter on which the chief was borne along. The whole moved slowly forward to the low music of horns and drums, and, passing under the archway of the building before mentioned, gradually entered within the court. When the chief came, a space was opened in the crowd, and he was conducted to one of the larger apartments of the edifice. The women were marshalled to another; and by degrees the whole assembly seemed distributed to their several quarters, the common soldiers and people remaining in the open court.

Chicama noted all these evolutions with intense interest; at the same time, he became curious to know how these various events might bear upon his own prospects. Considering the kind treatment he had received, he was inclined to believe that nothing injurious to his safety could be intended, and he was strengthened in this belief, by knowing that the white-robed priestess, who had saved him before, was among the crowd. Yet he was so ignorant of the manners and customs of these people, as to be able only to form conjectures as to the result of the strange spectacle he had just witnessed.

When the bustle of the scene was over, Chicama descended into his room, and, reclining upon his bed, waited impatiently for the progress of events. Nor was he obliged to wait long. In the course of half an hour, he heard a noise at the doorway of his apartment. The framework was removed, and an Indian of remarkable appearance, stood before him.

CHAPTER IV.

The young Spaniard was not a little astonished at the aspect and bearing of the personage who had just entered his apartment. He was tall, and dressed with a large, square cloak, or mantle, of cotton cloth, thrown over his shoulders; a kind of tunic, of similar fabric, was fastened to his body by a sash. His head was uncovered; and, instead of exhibiting the straight, jet-black locks supposed to be universal with the Indians, it presented a mass of hair, scarcely less white than the driven snow. His eyes were also light colored, and his skin was of a paler hue than was common to the natives of the country.

Chicama gazed upon this individual, as he came into the room, and stood a moment before him, in doubt whether he were not a European. But he soon discovered that he had the form and bearing of the Peruvian, and was apparently one of those persons upon whom Nature had passed off a practical joke, in the present case rendering him an object of striking peculiarity.

The Peruvian, having looked upon Chicama for a moment, proceeded into the middle of the room, and bent upon one knee before the youth. He then lifted his finger, and pointed upward, and spoke, but in a tongue unknown to the Spaniard. Chicama now spoke, also; and, to his amazement, the stranger replied in Spanish, “I listen; I understand. You are a Spaniard!”

“Who are you? What are you?” were the ready exclamations of Chicama.

“You a Spaniard, and not know me! You, of the white race, and descended from the skies, obliged to inquire of me my name and lineage! Yet I will tell you. I am Orano, the Child of the Moon. These silver locks attest my parentage.”

“And what is your office here?”

“I am the minister of him who is the son of Huascar Capac, the sublime Huascar, inca of Peru.”

“But I had thought Atahualpa was inca.”

“And so he claims to be; but the sun, and the moon, and the stars, denounce him. Huascar is the true inca of Peru, by the decrees of Heaven; and this will appear in due time. From him I come to you. You belong to the company of the chief who is now desolating our country with fire and sword,—the terrible Pizarro. We have heard your story from Runa, the Virgin of the Sun, the high-born maiden, known by the title of the ‘Evening Star.’ You were one of those who ravaged the city of Coaque. How can it be, that beings who seem endowed with superhuman power should be thus cruel? Are you descended from heaven, and do you come from a benignant God? Or are you disgorged by the volcano, and sent forth upon earth by a vengeful deity, to punish mankind for their wickedness? What is the mission, what the purpose, of these wonderful beings called Spaniards?”

Chicama was about to reply, when the difficulty of answering the question struck him forcibly, and he said, evasively, “I will tell you in due time.

Take me to the inca, and I will answer him. For the present, I need but say, that the Spaniards come on an errand of peace. They come in the name of a mighty king and the God of heaven and earth. Submit, and ours will prove an errand of peace; resist, and ruin will overwhelm you. But, tell me, Child of the Moon, tell me whence it is that you speak the language of the Spaniard."

"Can the offspring of a heavenly orb need but to ask, and to receive?"

"Then you, a Peruvian, speak Spanish by the gift of birth!"

"I said not that. No; I had instructions from a Spaniard who fled from Panama, and lived two years at Quito. But I, alone, could learn his speech. To me it was the gift of Heaven. And yet it was not bestowed upon Orano, the Child of the Moon; but upon Orano, the minister of Huascar, inca."

"It gives me great joy to have met one so gifted; and now tell me, Orano, Child of the Moon, and minister of the sublime inca, what is his majesty's pleasure with me?"

"Orano speaks not for the inca, but as the inca commands."

“ Well — let me be taken to him.”

“ Are you prepared to stand in the presence of one who represents the Spirit of Light and Heat, and Life on earth, — the offspring of the sun ! ”

“ I am a Spaniard, and fear nothing.”

“ The inca will let his pleasure be known.” Saying this, the Indian was about to depart, when Chicama spoke once more : “ Say, Orano, where is the maiden, whom you call the “ Evening Star,” — the beautiful priestess of the sun ? ”

“ Runa is in the keeping of Heaven.”

“ Yes, yes ; I can well believe it ; but may I not see her ? She saved my life. May I not give her thanks ? ”

“ Runa needs no thanks ; asks no thanks. She is a woman to our eyes ; yet she is a ray of the immortal sun. Can a thing so exalted value human words—sounds, that come and go like the breeze ? ”

“ Nay, Offspring of the Moon ; let me see her, if it be in thy power. If Runa is of the sun, she must be willing to shed her beneficent light on all ; and especially on one who is disposed to worship her.”

“ Spaniard, you speak ignorantly or profanely. Worship is only due to Pachacamac, or his glorious

image, the sun. If you speak of Runa as an object of adoration, you are an idolater. If you use, in respect to her, the light speech of gallantry, you deserve nothing but scorn. Adieu!"

With these words, the Child of the Moon departed, leaving Chicama in a state of mingled vexation, wonder, and anxiety.

CHAPTER V.

After the departure of Orano, Chicama remained for the space of two hours, expecting a messenger to summon him before the inca. At length, he heard a confused sound without, and, immediately afterward, the door of his prison was opened. A number of Indians entered, forming a single file, and marching around the room in bending and winding lines. They were gaudily dressed, their heads bearing coronets decorated with feathers and glittering gems. Over their shoulders they had mantles of coarse cotton cloth, ornamented with stripes of red and yellow. Around the waist was a sash of blue, binding the mantle to the body.

The solemn countenances and lofty tread of these Indians, with their mystic circles around the room, contrasted strangely with their tawdry attire. The effect upon our young hero was a mingled sentiment of ridicule and amazement. After the party had performed various evolutions, they arranged themselves in a circle around the room. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, then stepped forward, and made an animated address to the young Spaniard. Of this the latter understood not a word; but, supposing that he was to be taken to the inca, he bowed his head, laid his hand upon his heart, and turned his face toward the inca's quarters,—thus endeavoring to intimate his readiness to go thither. He seemed to be understood, and, after a variety of ceremonies, he was encircled by the guard, and taken on his way to the inca.

It appeared that the edifice in which Chicama had been confined and where Huascar was now lodged, was only a stopping-place upon the great road which led from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of one thousand five hundred miles. It was, however, a massy structure, composed of huge blocks of stone, nicely fitted together without mortar. It was of great extent,

enclosing and covering at least three acres of ground. It consisted of a series of apartments, sufficient to give shelter to several thousand persons. The general aspect of the building was that of an irregular fort, upon the walls of which, here and there, were to be seen structures, either designed as dwellings or temples.

These observations were made by Chicama, as he was conducted across the court by the guard. These walked slowly and solemnly to the rude music of gongs and horns. The procession at length reached a lofty portion of the castle, and, a door being opened, the white-haired Orano appeared. Making several motions toward the sky, with a black wand which he held in his hand, he directed the troop to follow him, and passed into the building. Proceeding through a long avenue, they reached a hall of great extent. Paus-ing at the threshold, Orano again performed some mystic evolutions with his wand. The guard then formed in two lines, on the right and left, and Chicama was placed between. In this manner they entered the hall.

This was crowded with a large number of Peruvians, all of them richly decorated, and seeming to be

the nobles of the land. At the extremity of the room sat a man of majestic appearance,—though scarcely having reached the period of middle age. At his side was a young man about twenty years of age, bearing a strong resemblance to him, and appearing also to be a person of distinction. The scene was in the highest degree imposing. As Chicama entered, every countenance was turned upon him with keen and scrutinizing curiosity; all around, there appeared nothing but frowning countenances, and black, penetrating eyes. For a moment, the youth's nerves were shaken; he hesitated and looked round with a bewildered and faltering air. But his Spanish blood soon returned to his heart, and the daring character of his disposition enabled him to rally. With an assured step, he proceeded.

The guard had now fallen back, and Orano conducted him to the august personage at the extremity of the hall. This was Huascar Inca. Orano bowed to the earth, and spoke a few words in a low tone. He then made a sign for Chicama to kneel, which he did. They both arose, and stood before the monarch. For the space of two or three minutes, not a word was spoken; a death-like silence pervaded the whole

assembly. During this period, the king was gazing at the young Spaniard, as if he would read his very soul. He ran his eye up and down, minutely examining his attire. He gazed in the countenance of the stranger with an aspect of mingled awe and admiration. At last, somewhat abruptly, he spoke. The words were not understood by Chicama, but were translated by Orano. "The sublime Huascar Inca, child of the sun, speaks to thee!" said Orano. "He asks, 'Are you a god?'"

Under less solemn circumstances, our hero, who felt that he was any thing rather than a god, would have smiled; but he answered, seriously, "I am not a god, but a Spaniard." The dialogue then proceeded, —Orano translating the words of the inca.

"What is a Spaniard?"

"I come from a distant country, and am the subject of a mighty king."

"Are all your people white, like yourself?"

"Yes."

"Our historians tell us that the founders of the incarial dominion were also white. Have you ever heard of Manco Capac, and his wife Mamma Oello?"

"Never."

“ I must tell you their story. Ages ago, the Peruvians were a wild and savage race. They dwelt in rude caves, were without attire, and lived by hunting and war. Suddenly, there appeared among these ignorant people, two persons, a seeming man and woman. They were of majestic mien, and their forms were robed in fine garments. They were white, like you; they bore on their countenances a look of intelligence more than mortal, yet softened by a smile of benignity.

“ This mysterious and majestic pair first appeared on the flowery banks of Lake Titicaca. The savages fled from their presence in fear and wonder. The strangers beckoned them back. One by one, they crept from their hiding-places, and crouched at the feet of those whom they still seemed to fear.

“ Manco Capac now spoke to them, in a strange tongue, yet it reached their hearts. ‘ We are children of the sun ! ’ said he; ‘ we are sent by the Beneficent Master of that glorious orb to visit you. Pachacamac has seen your ignorance and poverty. The Sublime Essence pitied you. He had given you the sun; but your minds were dark, and you could not see God’s image; you could not raise your thoughts above

the chase, and warfare with your fellow-men. You looked up to the sun, and you saw in it nothing but blood—blood—blood! He has sent us, his children, to enlighten your souls; to teach you that he delights not in blood, but in peace and love. We have come to show you a better way; to show you the art of drawing fruits and flowers from the bosom of our mother earth; to instruct you how to form comfortable dwellings; and how to weave fabrics, that may shelter the body from the severity of the seasons. We have come to teach you the arts of healing, the profound science of the heavenly bodies, the wonders of the seasons and the will of God. Will you listen to our message? Will you obey our commands?"

" The people obeyed willingly; for the heavenly messengers spoke with authority. The dominion of Manco Capac was established. Beneath his genial sway the people rose from a savage to a civilized condition. The nation increased in numbers; new tribes and new territories came under its sway; the arts flourished; gold, silver, and precious stones, marked the riches of the land; luscious fruits sprang from the soil; cities dotted the landscape, splendid edifices

arose on every hand, and the worship of the sun was respected.

“ Such things followed from the revelations of Manco Capac. He was the first inca, and I am his lineal descendant. As such, I claim the dominion of Peru. It is Huascar Inca that speaks. Say, Spaniard, have you heard of these things before? ”

“ Never. ”

The inca seemed disappointed, and the conversation continued. But the remainder of the scene must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The interview between the inca and the young Spaniard continued. “ I am disappointed, ” said the former, after a long pause. “ I had fondly deemed that these strange persons, who have landed on our shores, and who seem to be gifted with more than mortal power, were of the race of Manco Capac, lineal descendants of the sun, my own kindred, and that to them I might look for aid in a present emergency.

“ I must tell you, Spaniard, that my father, the mighty Huayna Capac, was the twelfth monarch who had sat on the incarial throne, from the time of Manco Capac. He was a great king, and a mighty conqueror. He extended his sway in all directions, and added the powerful kingdom of Quito to his dominions. In the capital of this province he often resided, and it became a rival to Cuzco, the ancient metropolis.

“ My father, seduced by some evil power to depart from the golden laws of the empire, forbidding the inca to marry out of the royal line, wedded the daughter of the king of Quito. By her he had a son, to whom was given the name of Atahualpa. At his death, my father bequeathed to me, his only lawful successor and his eldest born, the ancient empire of Peru; on Atahualpa he bestowed the kingdom of Quito.

“ This was alike a wrong to the laws and to me, but I submitted to it, for I loved Atahualpa with all my soul. But he was crafty and 'perfidious. Not content to abide by my father's decree, he desired to reign over the whole empire. He secretly plotted against me; he seduced, by means of his emissaries,

my friends and soldiers, even in my capital of Cuzco. When all his schemes were prepared, he marched against me, and, after a severe struggle, he has triumphed in his wicked attempt to deprive me of my rights. I am now a mere prisoner of state. I am permitted to wander about from place to place, but my attendants are unarmed; we are environed by watchful bands of troops, and while Atahualpa revels in the splendors of the incarial throne, Huascar Capac, the true inca, the unspotted reflection of the sun, is committed to the care of priests, and commended to his devotions!

“ Nor is even this all. The evil-minded Atahualpa has caused the lineal heirs of the throne to be slain. It would make your heart quake and your flesh creep to hear the story of his massacres of the sacred Children of the Sun. After the fatal battle of the Apurimac, when I was defeated, he summoned all the incarial line to Cuzco. Those that came were put to death; neither age nor sex were spared. Some were beheaded, and some precipitated from rocks. Women and children were hung by their hair to the branches of trees and left there to die. A few only of our lineage have escaped. Manco Capac, my

younger brother, is still alive and at liberty. My nephew, Huayna Capac, here at my side, and Runa, my niece, a priestess of the sun and now one of my attendants, are all that survive. I only am permitted to live by the perfidious and cruel Atahualpa, that he may strengthen his interest with the people, by pretending to reign in my place and by my assent. Such is the humiliating condition of Huascar Capac. I am a king, yet not a king; I am a child of the sun, yet a despised prisoner; I am an inca, yet only a thing to be looked upon with pity; I am placed on a throne, but to make all the world point at my disgrace. All eyes are gazing at me, but only to see the fallen inca."

Here the emotion of the dethroned monarch was extreme. His throat seemed choked for a time. He rose from his couch, and looked around with a fierce, yet bewildered air. A strong sensation ran through the assembly, though the words that had fallen from the inca were only heard by Orano, Chicama, and a few confidential friends, around the king. After a short space, he proceeded.

" I have told thee, Spaniard, child of the East, a monarch's sorrows. Let no one envy a king; for his griefs are in proportion to his greatness. I have only

been elevated to the skies by my birth—to be dashed farther and more fatally down to earth.

“ Yet I mourn not for myself, alone. The dominion of the incas was founded in peace. Our monarchs were, like their father, the sun, the dispensers of benefits alone. As the great source of light, and heat, and life, leaves the work of desolation and disease and death, to the cloud and the tempest, to the whirlwind, the waterspout, and the seasons, so Manco Capac and his successors left wars, and bloodshed, and torture, and imprisonment, to savage kings and chiefs.

“ I mourn, Spaniard, that this golden age of Peru is fled; that this high boast of our dynasty is no longer fit for an inca’s tongue. I mourn that the serpent ambition crept into my father’s bosom. The sun is said to shine in the heavens; but to me it is henceforth dimmed with spots. The light shines not on the hill and the vale, as in the days of my youth. The landscape has lost its loveliness. The human face is no longer human. I see marks of blood on every countenance.

“ One hope had indeed risen in my bosom. I heard of the wondrous band led hither by Pizarro.

I heard that their weapons wielded the thunder and the lightning. I heard that soldiers, mounted on fleet and fiery beasts, united the cunning and skill of men, to the agility and strength of brutes. I heard that they had swords glittering as silver, and sharp as the points of diamonds. I heard that they were invincible. I heard that every thing fell helpless before that wondrous people.

“ And I asked myself, ‘ Whence such a miracle? Why such a mighty apparition at this moment?’ I connected the event with my own fortunes and those of my kingdom. I fancied that this prodigy was sent to aid me to hurl Atahualpa from his usurped elevation; to restore the lawful sovereign to his throne; to bring back the empire of Peru to its ancient dominion of peace and prosperity.

“ Yet in these golden hopes, it seems, I am likely to be disappointed. You say, Spaniard, that you have never heard of Manco Capac; that you come from across the sea; that you are servants of a mighty king, who reigns in the land of the rising sun. Yet you know nothing of the incas. Alas for bleeding Peru! alas for despised, dethroned, imprisoned, degraded Huascar Inca!

“ Still, I will send messengers to the fearful Pizarro. I will state to him my wrongs. I will lay before him the griefs of my people. I will make him see the wickedness of my rival, in dismembering an ancient empire, in introducing bloodshed into a peaceful country, in substituting the reign of violence for the reign of justice, mercy, and truth. I will appeal to him in behalf of humanity and eternal right. Pizarro, it is said, is powerful above mortals. Superhuman power is only bestowed by Heaven upon the good, the benignant, the merciful, the just.”

The inca paused. He then turned to Orano, spoke a few words in his own tongue, and Chicama was conducted out of the hall. He was then taken to the apartments he had before occupied, the door was closed, and he was once more left to himself.

CHAPTER VII.

Our hero remained undisturbed for several hours in his room, or rather his prison; for he now perceived that, during his absence, the breaches in the

wall had been repaired, and the spaces in the roof, by which he had once passed out, were closed up. The room was now dark; and, at length, the prisoner began to feel a sense of loneliness and gloom, quite unusual to him.

After a few hours, however, his solitude was broken, and Orano entered the apartment, not forgetting the ceremonious marks of respect with which he had always treated the Spaniard. After a few words of introduction, he told Chicama that Huascar had sent deputies to Pizarro, offering him an immense sum of gold and silver, if he would undertake to depose his brother and rival, and place him, Huascar, on the throne. Orano was sanguine that the mission would prove successful, but he still wished to know the opinion of Chicama; and for this object he now paid him a visit.

Chicama, who knew the greedy nature of the Spanish leader, entertained no favorable opinion as to the issue of Huascar's embassy. He intimated to Orano that his master was a prisoner, and could do little, compared with Atahualpa, who was, in fact, emperor, and held the wealth and power of the country in his hands. If, then, Pizarro was to be moved

by offers of gold and silver, Atahualpa would necessarily have the advantage.

“ But,” said Orano, “ your chief cannot be deaf to the appeals of justice. Atahualpa is a usurper. He is so conscious of this, that he uses the name of Huascar to sustain his authority with the nation. It is for this reason alone that Huascar is surrounded with a gorgeous retinue, and treated with the pomp of a real king. Were it not for this motive, the dark-minded Atahualpa would not hesitate to dip his hand in his brother’s blood, and sweep him forever from his path.”

“ This may be,” said Chicama; “ but how is the Spanish general to know all this? He comes hither, and finds Atahualpa on the throne. To him he seems to be the emperor; he is emperor in fact. Can you expect that one who is a prisoner will be heard, when a monarch, wielding the power of the nation,—one occupying the throne, wearing the crown, and surrounded with emblems of royalty,—speaks? ”

Orano was struck with the force of these words. He paused, and remained for a time buried in gloomy thought. He cast a careful and anxious

glance around the room, and shortly took his leave. Two days now passed and Chicama saw no one, his food being thrust in at an opening beneath the door. He heard occasional noises, as of people passing, and fancied that he heard the tramp of horses and the neighing of a steed at a little distance.

He grew at first weary, and then impatient. The third day came. He could tell the light of morning by the rays that streamed faintly through some openings in the massive walls. He heard a bustle without, in the court-yard. He heard low, measured sounds, as if a solemn procession were passing. All became silent as death. Hours passed away. Night set in. The bats that nestled in the crannies of the walls, or hung in clusters from the roof, took their departure. Chicama sat wakeful and watchful on the floor of his dungeon. He heard nothing save the beatings of his own heart. A fearful gloom had gathered over his mind. He imagined that all had gone away from the castle, and left him, forgotten, in his prison.

This idea had hardly flashed upon his mind when he heard a scream. It seemed to fill the air, and thrill even the stones of the prison walls. It passed,

and no other sound was heard. The mind of Chicama, accustomed to scenes of adventure, was not easily shaken; but the circumstances in which he was now placed affected him with an unwonted emotion, amounting to horror. He passed the remainder of the night in restless anxiety. In the morning, he waited till the hour at which he was accustomed to receive his meals. No one came.

“ And am I, then, to starve in this prison-house?” said the young man, springing to his feet. “ Is this dungeon to be my grave? Am I to draw out my last breath in solitude, and sleep here in everlasting silence?” These thoughts nerved him with a kind of frenzy, and he cast about for the means of breaking from his prison. He looked up and down the walls, and one by one surveyed their huge masses. They seemed to offer no hope of escape. He applied his shoulder to the door, but it did not yield. He now began a more careful examination, and minutely inspected every place which presented a chance of deliverance.

The day passed in unavailing schemes and fruitless efforts. Night once more set in, and once more the youth’s imagination became filled with restless and

fearful thoughts. While deeply buried in his gloomy fancies, he heard a slight noise without, and near the door of his room. It was followed by a heavy sound, as if a stone had been rolled away. He applied himself to the door; it yielded, and he stepped forth into the open air. It was intensely dark, but he could see a slight, ghost-like form gliding away. He paused, and a strange fear came over him. A coldness crept through his limbs, and he shivered, as if pierced with the chill night air.

This emotion was but momentary. The blood driven to the youth's heart instantly rushed back to his limbs, and tingled in his fingers. He set forward, and pursued the retreating form, to which he felt himself indebted for his deliverance. A new and animating thought took possession of his mind. It was Runa, as he fancied, who had thus remembered him, and saved him from a terrible doom. His feet now bounded over the earth; the castle was soon left behind; trees, stones, ledges, offered little obstruction to his progress. He followed the retreating image, which seemed rather a wreath of mist than a substantial form—wending noiselessly and rapidly through

copse and glen, and defying his utmost attempts to approach it.

At length they came near a ridge, which seemed to stand like a mountain barrier, directly across their path. Chicama deemed it impossible to ascend this, and now felt confident that he should come up with the fugitive. But the latter, on reaching the base of the mountain, seemed to find a narrow footway, and lightly ascended the very face of the rock. Chicama was staggered; for it seemed to him nothing less than a miracle. He paused—drew his hand across his eyes, as if to assure himself that it was not all a dream. But the wreathy image still ascended; and, fearing that he should lose all trace of it, he pressed forward, and was soon rejoiced to find a channel or furrow in the cliff sufficient for a footing. He began his ascent; and such was the excited state of his mind, that, in the midnight darkness, he was able to discover the windings of the narrow and dizzy pathway. He kept onward, and soon attained a fearful elevation. Yet the rocks continued to rise before him, seeming to tower up to the very clouds, and offering no visible point of termination. The object of his pursuit

pressed forward, though the distance between them seemed gradually to diminish.

Animated by this idea, Chicama redoubled his efforts, and, seeming reckless of danger, travelled up the face of the rocks with the celerity of a mountain goat. At last, the form of the mysterious fugitive was near, and he seemed distinctly to trace the outline of a human figure. He made one effort more : he reached forth his hand ; but a dizziness seized him —he wavered, reeled, and fell !

CHAPTER VIII.

Soon after the interview between our hero and the unfortunate Huascar, the latter secretly sent messengers to Pizarro, who was now in his vicinity, craving his aid, and offering immense sums of gold and silver, if he would assist him in recovering his throne, and punishing the usurper, Atahualpa. The Spanish leader sent an embassy to the captive king, and made fair promises.

All these proceedings soon reached the ears of

Atahualpa, who immediately despatched orders for the execution of his brother, Huascar. The performance of this deed was not difficult, for the unhappy king was completely within the toils of his conqueror. It chanced however that the event was accidentally deferred, though it came at no distant day. Attended by the retinue we have described, Huascar was marching forth from the castle, when an unseen arrow sped from the bow of one of the agents of Atahualpa, glanced past his breast and entered that of the youthful Huayna Capac, at his side. The latter uttered a single scream and fell lifeless to the earth. Huascar was borne away by his attendants, and in a few weeks, he fell a victim to Atahualpa's policy, though it was not till the latter was in the toils of Pizarro, and drawing near to the end of his career of usurpation and bloodshed.

The greater part of the throng which had assembled at the castle had now dispersed, some by the requisitions of official duty, and others through a feeling of awe at the sudden and mysterious death of the youthful prince.

A few, with pious devotion, remained. Among these was the white-haired chief, Orano, and Runa,

the beautiful virgin of the sun. They carefully wiped the blood from the wound, and caused the lifeless body of the youth to be embalmed. It was then placed on a litter made of spicy trees, and was borne on the shoulders of two nobles, toward its resting-place.

During these mournful proceedings, the prisoner Chicama, had been forgotten by all save one. But for her, he had perished in the gloom and solitude of his dungeon. No heart was more keenly pierced by the death of Huayna, than her own, for she was of the incarial line and his near relative. Yet her soul was not so wholly absorbed, as to make her forget that the youthful Spaniard, whose life she had once saved, was in prison, and, but for some kindly assistance, must perish. When the obsequies were prepared, and the procession had set forward under cover of the darkness, she proceeded to the castle and pushed away the stone that barred the door of the apartment where Chicama was confined. The rest will be easily guessed by the reader.

Our hero's illness was but momentary. But when his consciousness returned, the image which

had guided his footsteps was gone. He followed the narrow pathway, however, as well as he could, and at last discovered about fifty persons, proceeding with a measured tread, at no great distance before him, up the mountain. He was soon able to approach them, and in a short time Orano came to meet him. The seer explained the scene, and Chicama then proceeded in silence. A low wail was heard to issue, at intervals, from the mourners; with the exception of this, every lip was dumb.

For several hours the procession moved onward, gradually ascending higher and higher up the mountain. At length they reached the brow of a cliff, which overhung a deep valley below. Here was a long range of sepulchres, partly natural and partly artificial, seeming like the street of a deserted city. On one side, the mountain rose like a mighty pyramid, its top being covered with perpetual snow. On the other, the vale we have mentioned yawned like an abyss, covered over by a veil of impenetrable mist.

By the side of one of the larger tombs the procession paused. The litter was placed on the earth and the face of the deceased prince was uncovered.

One by one the attendants passed around the body, gazed upon the face, uttered a mournful sigh, and seated themselves on the ground. A profound silence was now observed by all. At last, the faint light of the dawn was seen kindling upon the top of the mountain. Orano arose, and pointed toward it. At this signal, every face was bowed to the earth. In this position the whole company remained, until the red sunlight was visible upon the snowy peak above. Orano uttered a shout, and all sprang to their feet. They then broke into a hymn, each joining in the chorus.

The sun at last arose, and its light fell upon the corpse. Orano lifted the head, and the rays lighted the uncovered face. Every eye was averted, save that of Orano, as if a scene so holy could not be witnessed except by the priest, whose vocation made him familiar with sacred things.

A long pause ensued, when the face of the corpse was again covered, and the body, after many ceremonies, was deposited in its final resting-place. This was a deep excavation in the rock, which was of such dimensions as to bear the aspect of a temple, rather than a grave. The roof was formed of prodigious masses of rock,

set upon pillars, in front, and a closed wall, behind. The general appearance of the place was sad and gloomy, associated with an idea that giants alone could have reared such massy architecture. The open part of the tomb looked out upon the east, and the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the resting-place of the incarial prince. Such was the elevation of the site that a sea of moutains and plains, bounded only by the sky, spread out on every side, save that which was occupied by the mountain peak already described.

Although Chicama had not been trained in the school of poetry or romance, yet the scene we have described, stirred his heart with the deepest emotions. He became conscious of the fact that these people, whom his countrymen were treating as heathens, were not insensible to the beauty and sublimity of nature, and that religious emotions, scarcely less elevated than those which his own faith inculcated, were working in their bosoms. Above all, he felt that human affections were as familiar to them as to the boastful Spaniard. “ Let the priest say what he] may, ” said Chicama, internally, “ these people are men! ”

After the body of the youth was lowered into the tomb and arranged in a sitting posture, a sceptre was placed in his hand, his jewels on his fingers, and his coronet upon his head. His best robe was carefully adjusted to his shoulders. His face was uncovered, and he now seemed like a monarch upon his throne. A last look was taken by his followers, and the grave was closed over him by huge masses of stone.

CHAPTER IX.

The burial of the prince was now completed. All that remained of the descendant of Manco Capac—of one deemed by others a favored child of the sun — was the cold unconscious clay, destined speedily to decay and mingle with the dust. The only advantage he possessed was, that his corpse was to turn to earth in a loftier tomb than falls to the lot of common men. A few of those who were wont to attend upon him, to swell his train,

and bow in his presence, still lingered around the spot where his remains were deposited; yet even these were one by one disappearing, and after a few hours, two forms only were seen at the spot.

Orano sat at little distance from the grave, his head bowed, his white hair falling wildly over his shoulders; his face was of an ashy hue, being marked with a deep, yet controlled grief. At a little distance sat another form, robed in the finest furs of the chinchilla; but the face was covered. The air and attitude betokened sorrow, mingled, however, with self-command. The size of the figure, measured by that of the majestic priest, was diminutive, and Chicama, who continued at a respectful distance, fancied it to be that of a woman. Nor was this the full extent of his conjectures. He had heard from Huascar as well as Orano, that Runa was of incarial blood, and therefore a relation of the prince, whose funeral rites had just been celebrated. It was natural to suppose that she would seek to be at this ceremony, and Chicama could not but conclude that the light form before him was no other than she who bore the title of the Evening Star.

From what has passed, it may well be inferred that the eyes of the young Spaniard were riveted upon the fur-clad figure, and that he awaited with anxiety the moment when her mourning devotions should cease, and he be at liberty to approach her. But the whole day passed, and it was not till the new moon was visible over the mountains, that either Orano or his companion moved from their places. When the faint rays of the crescent orb were visible, the priest stood up, walked a few paces toward it, and bowed three times to the earth. At the same moment, the figure by his side also arose, and advancing in a similar manner toward a bright star gleaming in the east, bowed thrice before it.

This action brought the stranger near to Chicama. The depth of her emotions rendering her apparently unconscious of his presence, she permitted a part of her exterior robe to fall from her face and shoulders, and the youth beheld a woman attired in white, with glittering gems upon her forehead and a sun of gold upon her breast. He could not mistake; it was the beautiful vision which had met his eyes on the night of his separation from

the Spanish troops : it was she who had saved his life — it was Runa, the priestess of the sun!

His first idea was to prostrate himself at her feet; but, by a strong effort, he continued silent, and gazed with mingled admiration and awe upon the now pallid, but composed countenance of the maiden. Her devotions being over, she returned to Orano. The two had now a brief conference, and then set out to depart. When they came to the place where the young Spaniard was standing, they appeared disconcerted; the priest lifted his hand, as if exorcising an evil spirit, and the maiden drew her fur hood more closely around her face. Chicama was the first to speak.

“ Forgive me, Orano, Child of the Moon, and you, fair Evening Star, forgive ! ”

“ Name her not ! ” said the priest, sternly; “ name her not ! Though Heaven frowns upon her lineage; though her kindred of the Sun and the Earth sleep in death, she shall not be degraded. She is still a priestess, and still an inca’s descendant ! ”

“ Nay, then, Orano, ” said the youth, “ let me

speak to thee. Whither goest thou? and may not I accompany thee?"

"Nay," said the priest, "whither we go I cannot tell; Heaven must decide. We are wanderers on earth, outcasts from the face of men. For myself, I have no fear; life has now no charms for me; I only live to protect this maiden. Her father is dead; her kindred sleep in the tomb or are destined to speedy destruction, save only him who now wields the sceptre of Peru."

"And will not he protect her?" said Chicama.

"Nay, nay," was the reply. "Know you not that she is the niece of Huascar? Know you not that these are unpardonable crimes with Atahualpa?"

"I cannot believe he would injure one so innocent, so lovely," said the Spaniard. "I pray you, hear me, Orano," he continued. "This lady has saved my life, once at least, and I suspect more than once. I owe her a debt of gratitude, which I am willing to repay at the hazard of my life. Let me attend you and her; let me share with you the privilege of standing between her and danger. You are aged, and have not the strength or swiftness of earlier days. Let me bear the burden of the



CHICAMA, RUNA, AND THE JAGUAR.

cares and perils which may attend her flight to a place of security. I will toil, or fight, or die in her behalf."

" You speak ardently, and promise much!" said Orano, as if deliberating.

" And if you will trust me," was the answer, " much shall be done, should it be required."

The priest now spoke in his own tongue to Runa. After a few words with her, he consented that Chicama should accompany them for some days, on their journey toward Cuzco, the capital of Peru. He stated that Atahualpa was then absent from that city, and he hoped to be able to place Runa in some safe asylum among her friends there. Here she would wait for the turn of events. If it became necessary, she would fly to a place in the adjacent mountains, where Orano was to assemble the scattered remnants of the incarial line, and wait for the issue.

This agreement being ratified, the party partook of a frugal meal, which had been left by their attendants, and set out on their journey. Their path led for a considerable distance along the ridge of the mountain, and then sloped on the eastern side, by

many a turn, down to a deep vale beneath. For three days they threaded the valley, avoiding the huts and villages that lay in their route, and seeking by every means to escape being noticed. At night they slept beneath the thick branches of evergreen.

On the fourth day of their journey it began to rain, and as it continued to fall in torrents, the river which ran through the valley soon burst over its banks. This forced the travellers to betake themselves to the side of the mountain. But here the streams came dashing down the slopes in foaming currents, and rendered it impossible for the wanderers to proceed. In these circumstances, they looked about for shelter, and at last Chicama discovered a cave, to which there was an opening, beneath a rude archway in the rocks. Here the party halted, and, having made good their entrance, they were happy to find themselves in a place of seeming comfort and security.

CHAPTER X.

The works of nature are on a grand scale in South America. The mountains rise to the clouds, and from the tops of some of them, volcanic chimnies pour forth their floods of fire and lava. The rains sometimes descend rather in torrents than in drops. The peals of thunder, and the flashes of lightning, are the most terrific in the world.

Scarcely had our three travellers found shelter in their rocky retreat, when one of those wild storms began, which mark the climate of Peru. The clouds were hurled along the sky in black, ragged masses, with bright openings between ; the lightning leaped down from them upon the mountain peaks, and the thunder was echoed from height to height, or rolled in growling murmurs along the valleys. The rain followed, and seemed to fall in sheets, the rocks and ravines on every side spouting with the flood.

The inhabitants of the cave sat looking at the wild uproar without, when a new and fearful event attracted their attention. The voice of the storm

seemed, for a moment, to be quelled by the growling of a wild beast; and a moment after, the door of the cavern was darkened, and the face of a jaguar, glaring with excitement, was presented to the view of the astonished group. Chicama was about to face the intruder, when the priest beckoned him to be still. At the same time he turned toward the beast, and bent upon him a fixed and steady gaze. The animal, which had been terrified by the uproar of the elements and driven to seek refuge in his lair, was now startled by a new surprise. Cowed, however, by the storm, and not less subdued by the strange aspect of the priest, he crouched upon his belly, crept softly into the cave, and slinking behind the travellers, buried himself in the dim recesses of the rocks.

A few moments passed in silence. At last Chicama spoke : “ This is a strange incident. How do you account for it? Is the jaguar a coward, or does Orano hold dominion over wild beasts?”

“ Neither, my son,” said the priest. “ The jaguar is fierce and savage; he thirsts for blood, and will drink it, when it comes in his way. But this event is an omen of good. Let us take courage. It is

my gift to read the signs of heaven. We are to pass through danger; but final safety will attend our steps. The storm may beat upon us; we may be driven to rocks and caves for shelter, and here wild beasts may glare upon us, but Heaven will watch over us, and save us!"

The force of the storm was now spent. It gradually lulled, the thunder murmuring faintly in the distance, and the tempest, after a few fitful gusts, dying away. The travellers now issued forth from their den, and, soon coming to the great road which led to Cuzco, proceeded steadily on their journey. Chicama could not but be struck with the evidences of skill and power which met his view. Many parts of the country were highly cultivated and thickly peopled. Towns, villages, and cities, seemed to crowd the valleys and slopes of the mountains. The rivers, which had their sources in the high lands, were made to pass by a thousand channels over the more arid lands below; thus, in many instances, converting natural deserts into fruitful gardens. The people seemed gentle, tranquil, and happy. In the country they went forth to the labors of the field in bands, each individual being crowned with fresh and

blooming flowers. Children sported along the roadside and around the doors of the huts. Like children every where, they were running, chasing, leaping, laughing — now pensive, and now gay — now, like animals exercising their limbs, and now, like human beings, beginning to try the spreading wings of sentiment and thought.

Chicama could not repress his wonder and admiration. “I am astonished at these scenes,” said he. “I had supposed Peru to be a savage country, inhabited by people who knew not the Christian’s God, and who were sunk in barbarism, poverty, and vice; but I am now undeceived. The spectacle I witness would hardly be unworthy of the hilly districts of Andalusia, my native land.”

“The praises of one’s country,” said Orano, “are dear to the heart, especially when they come from one who has seen the bright spots of the earth. Yet what gives you pleasure, brings dark and gloomy emotions to my bosom.”

“Indeed!” said the Spaniard; “this is a riddle.”

“I will explain,” said the priest. “The empire of Peru was founded in religion, and that religion

is summed up in a single word — PEACE ! Peace is God's will, and man's interest and duty. This grand and sublime idea might have been known to the first of men, for they were near to God. But they lost this revelation, and with it they lost the path of happiness. It was discovered to our Peruvian fathers, and they showed it to the people. The people learned to love it, and thus the empire grew in wealth and power. Look around ! These cities, these villages, these cultivated lands, this great national road, all these improvements — this happiness of the teeming population — are the direct offspring of that peace which the Sun revealed, and the incas practised.

“ But peace is no longer recognized in Peru. Atahualpa is emperor, and he has built his throne, not on peace, but on war. Blood, blood of his kindred, blood of the line of Manco Capac, blood of his own people, stains his robe and his sceptre. Blood has been his choice, and blood will be his recompense. Spaniard, what was dim and dark before is becoming clear to my vision. Your captain, Pizarro, is marching in giant strides over the country. Every thing falls before him. Nothing

can withstand the power he wields. His weapons hurl the thunder and the lightning; his men are borne forward on animals of supernatural strength and swiftness. He now approaches the emperor Atahualpa. The latter, with his legions, waits for him at Caxamarca. They will soon meet. Pizarro will play the tiger, and pounce upon his prey; he will be like the spider, and wind him in his fatal web. The false inca is doomed. Coming events cast before me their prophetic shadows. I see what is not yet visible to other eyes!"

" You seem to think Pizarro is cruel, and that he and his men are to do the work of vengeance," said Chicama. " Yet you consider him sent of Heaven and he is to perform its will. This seems contradictory."

" Such," said the priest, " is the view of short-sighted ignorance. Pizarro is a man of blood, and his troops are like himself. They come to a land of peace and plenty, and leave destruction and death in their path. Their track is marked with ruined houses, wasted lands and the bleaching bones of unoffending men, women, and children. They are tigers, in the image of man, which they

abuse and profane. As tigers are permitted of Heaven, so are they; as the thunder and the lightning are permitted, so are they; and as these sometimes fulfil the purposes of Heaven, so may they. But they are no less the scourges of the earth, and the condemned of God."

"Your judgment is severe," said Chicama.

"And have I not cause?" said Orano, quickly.
"Have I not cause? Do I not see my countrymen butchered, their dwellings consumed, their wealth plundered—and this, too, for no offence—by foreign invaders, who can lay no just claim to the country or the allegiance of the people?"

"You seem to forget the motive set forth by the Spaniards for their conduct," said the youth. "They come here as Christians, to make you acquainted with Christianity, the only true religion."

"What must that religion be," said the priest, scornfully, "which teaches its agents and ministers to rob, murder, and plunder the innocent! And by what authority do these people come? Who has commissioned them to do this work?"

"They have authority from the pope of Rome," said Chicama; blushing, however, as he spoke.

“ And who is the pope of Rome?” said the priest, lifting his eyebrows with an air of mingled curiosity and derision.

“ He is God’s Vicegerent on earth,” said the youth.

“ You use words I do not comprehend,” said the priest. “ Seek not to abuse my understanding; tell me rather what you mean by God’s *vicegerent* on earth?”

“ I mean God’s agent, God’s minister, appointed to act for him in the affairs of this world,” was the reply.

“ And so,” said Orano, “ God’s agent at Rome has sent Pizarro and his band here, to rob and murder the people of Peru!”

“ Robbery and murder is not the object of their mission,” said Chicama; “ it is only an incident of their enterprise. I am no priest, and cannot enter into the subtleties of religion; but I will state the case as well as I can. All this earth belongs to God; and the pope, as his agent, has a right to dispose of it as he thinks best. Especially do all heathen lands come under his control, for it is his duty to see that heathen people become Christians. If they refuse, he has a right to take away their

possessions, and subject them to death, if need be, to bring them into the holy church."

"This is, indeed, a high trust," said Orano; "and what evidence has the pope to show that such is his office?"

"I know not," said the youth; "though I believe he claims this privilege by virtue of ancient writings and legends, which set forth that he is the successor of those who held the privilege before him."

"And so," said Orano, sternly, "ancient writings and legends, which here in Peru would not be sufficient to give title to an acre of land, are cited as the evidence of such a mighty commission. Alas! alas! the blindness of these Christians may well make a Peruvian blush. Ancient writings and legends, can convert a man into God's agent on earth, and commission him to play the demon's part toward his fellow-men. O, how terrible must be the God that can employ such agents; how foolish the people who believe and trust them! But I spurn it all as a trick — a mockery of those who are base and wicked, and who can give no other evidence of virtue than a hypocritical attempt to apologize for their crimes. Spaniard, you are young, and I hope, still uncorrupted by the vices of

these Christians. Listen to an old man's words ! God's religion is always a religion of peace. The sun is his type, and his most eloquent preacher. Love is his very essence, and he would be imitated by all his children. He would have us all love him and one another; he would have us spend our lives in making one another happy. Peace, as I have said, is the essence of God's will, revealed to man. If any one come to us, then, with any other religion than this, we know it to be false ; is it not God's religion, but man's base counterfeit. Tell me not that Christianity is of God, if these are its ministers, for they are robbers and murderers. Ask me not to embrace a faith, at the head of which is a man pretending to be ordained of Heaven, while he saps the very foundations of morality by claiming what is not his own, and by causing those to be persecuted, plundered, and burnt at the stake, who do not bow to the religion of which he is the chief priest ! ”

CHAPTER XI.

While the conversation detailed in the last chapter proceeded, the three travellers entered one of those fertile plains common among the mountain regions of South America. It was surrounded by a range of the Andes, which gave it a secluded and sheltered aspect. It was dotted with patches of trees, standing in the midst of a space which bore the marks of the highest culture.

When this lovely spot broke upon the view, Chicomá could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and delight. Turning his eyes upon the countenance of Runa, he perceived that she experienced similar emotions; but Orano was evidently occupied by very different feelings. He bent his keen gaze forward, and seemed to behold some spectacle of horror. "Alas!" said he, after a brief space, "the hand of desolation has reached even this peaceful valley. I am acquainted with these scenes, for here was my birthplace, and here I spent my early days. Though I have been absent for years,

every tree, rock, and mountain top, is still familiar to me. I am a priest, and it is not meet that my heart should dwell upon childish memories. I have learned to cut asunder the ties of kindred, and bury love and friendship in the deep tomb of my bosom. But I could almost weep,—for behold yonder hamlet, once so lovely, now a heap of ruins!"

The companions of the priest looked in the direction to which he pointed, and could there distinguish a confused mass of objects, from which a thin tissue of smoke was winding upward to the sky. As they advanced towards it, they saw that indeed the spoiler had been there, and the tracks of the horses' feet in the torn sod, disclosed the authors of this scene of ruins. It was evidently the work of the Spaniards. This once happy village lay in the track of Pizarro, as he advanced into the country; and, as the people had considerable stores of gold and silver, his men fell upon them, and began to plunder their houses. The innocent inhabitants were at first stupefied with amazement, for they had never even heard of these fearful robbers. But when they saw their dwellings ravaged, and their women given up to insult, their spirit rose, and they resisted their plun-

derers. Self-defence, in a heathen, has always been a deadly sin, in the eyes of Christian soldiers, and the poor Indians were now devoted to destruction. The priest who accompanied the Spaniards pronounced a curse upon the savages : “ They are enemies of God,” said he; “ strike, Spaniards — strike — for the cross and the crown ! ”

The soldiery, finding the impulses of religion and loyalty added to avarice, rushed furiously upon the people, and doomed men, women, and children to destruction. Having completed their work, they withdrew to a short distance; the priest performed solemn rites as a thanksgiving to God, for the signal triumph he had vouchsafed to his holy religion and chosen people, over the heathen — the enemies of God and man; and the soldiers indulged in a revel, cheered by the rich booty they had acquired. The night was spent in mirth, and the tales that were told of feats performed in the massacre, contributed not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

It was but two days after these events that our travellers reached the now ruined village. They hesitated for a time to enter the place. All around was as silent as the grave. Not a living being was to be

seen. As they entered the little street which passed between the wrecks of a hundred houses, they saw mangled forms of people of all ages and sizes, scattered around upon the earth. Some of them lay amid the dying embers of the houses which had been consigned to the flames, and more than one was partially consumed by the devouring element. Mothers were lying by the side of their infants, showing that they had perished in the defence of their offspring; a whole family—father, mother, and children — was occasionally seen lying around the door of their dwelling, in a bloody and hideous group.

The heart of Chicama was soon sickened by these spectacles of horror. Runa covered her face, and was led onward by the priest. The latter seemed seeking for some object of deep interest, till he came to a house which was left standing. He entered and gazed around. It was dark, and at first he could distinguish nothing. As he proceeded to a remote corner of the room, he was able to discover a human form stretched upon a bed of reeds. He laid his hand reverently upon the brow; it was as cold as marble. The form of the priest shook with emotion, for the lifeless body was that of his father! He, too,

—his head silvered with a hundred years — had died by the Christian's blade.

Orano was soon restored to his self possession. He led Runa forth, and left her with Chicama. He then returned, and with pious care dug a grave in the floor of the hut. There he deposited the remains of his parent, and then sat down by the side of the grave. Apparently wrapped in a trance, he continued immovable as a statue during the whole night. As the sun came up, and shone into the dwelling, the priest arose, and, after performing some mystic ceremonies, departed and sought for his companions; but it was long ere he could find them. During the night, they had taken shelter in a dwelling apart from the village. On entering this, they made a discovery which excited their utmost sympathy. On a bed in the corner of the room, lay a youthful woman in the sleep of death. A Spanish sabre had entered her bosom, and she appeared not to have moved after the blow was struck. By her side was an infant, no doubt overlooked by the soldier who had slain the parent. The child was still living, and, though faint from want of food, was striving to draw nourishment from the breast which had hitherto been the

fountain of life. Alas! how cold must be the bosom of a mother, when it refuses to give sustenance to her famishing offspring!

Our two youthful travellers were deeply touched by this scene. Runa seemed to forget her stately reserve, and, taking the child, sought to give it warmth by holding it to her breast. Chicama brought some water, and a small quantity was put into the mouth of the infant. A little potato meal was also taken from the sack of the travellers, and, being moistened, was given to the child. But it was all in vain. The spring of life was exhausted. After uttering a few wailing sounds, a shudder ran through the little creature's frame, and it was numbered with the dead. Runa held it still in her arms, and wept over it. Then she washed away the blood with which it was covered, and finally robed it in a piece of coarse cloth which she found in the room. When Orano came, the mother and child were deposited in a vault which they dug beneath the floor.

The party were all anxious to depart from this scene of horror. They proceeded on their way in silence. After the space of an hour, the priest spoke : " What think you, Spaniard," said he,

addressing Chicama,—“ what think you of these scenes? ”

“ It is fearful, ” said Chicama. “ My reason is staggered by what I behold. ”

“ That may well be, ” said Orano; “ for you are young, and know not the whole story of life. You are a Spaniard; and like that of your countrymen, your heart is high and haughty. You came to teach the Peruvian that he was a savage—that you only were refined. You came to tell him that his worship of the sun is pure idolatry—a damnable heresy. You propose to offer him Christianity—the only true faith. Such is the preaching of your lips; but what is the preaching of your deeds? Let the desolated village and the ghastly forms we have just left, furnish the reply! Chicama, there is a world of reckoning hereafter; the Spaniard and the Peruvian will be there. Pizarro, his soldiers, and his priest, will stand before the dread tribunal, and they will be confronted by the spirits of these butchered fathers, these violated mothers, these murdered innocents. What then will avail your emblem of the cross—your haughty pretensions to the keys of heaven—your strings of beads—your costly masses

—your long reckonings of prayers muttered in an unknown tongue? Will these stand you in stead before the God of truth and mercy? Will you dare to plead these, in the court of heaven, as an excuse for crimes which might make a tiger blush? Oh, sacred Spirit! thou that dwellest in the sun! let thy light and warmth shine on my heart. Teach me the path of truth and mercy. Above all, save me from being bewildered by priestly craft. Save me from forms and ceremonies; for I see that they endanger the soul. I see these Spaniards, highly religious in the performance of the rites which the priest teaches, while their lives are given up to every species of wickedness. How fearful it is to attempt to cheat God with hypocritical rites, so that we may indulge ourselves in the service of the devil! Yet this is the only meaning and use of Christianity, as it is presented to us by these Spaniards!"

" I am unable to deny that there is much truth in what you say," said Chicama. " But it seems to me that you ought not to place to the account of my countrymen all the horrors which we have witnessed. These men are soldiers; war is their profession;—are they to be held responsible for all the blood

that is shed in their conflicts? Is it right to call it murder, when one man slays another in battle?"

" Let me ask," said Orano, " what is war? Nothing more nor less than man butchering man. We have just seen a specimen of his works. It is ever the same; it brutalizes those who carry it on; it makes beasts of men; it teaches human beings to do the work of fiends, and call it glory; it carries tears, anguish, and desolation in its path. The history of every battle is a history of horrors.

" And he who voluntarily makes war, and he who willingly pursues it, is a participator in these crimes against heaven and earth. Let me tell you, Spaniard, no juggle can shake from kings, priests, and soldiers the dread responsibility they incur by taking part in war. A man may defend his country, and for this purpose may become a soldier; but for no other. He may pretend that he goes to extend his religion, that he seeks to spread the light of civilization, or that he aims at the redress of wrongs. These are indeed the common pretences of conquerors. But they are shallow tricks, and disgrace those who use them. No man is deceived by these

disguises; even those who fancy that by such means they hide the real selfishness of their conduct, will be struck dumb in the great day of account, by seeing their bald hypocrisy exposed."

"These are strange opinions," said Chicama, "and would be deemed absurd in the quarter of the world in which I live, where mankind enjoy the light of truth, and above all, the light of the true faith."

"No doubt," said Orano; "and what is the value of that light which shines only to bewilder mankind? I judge the tree by its fruits. I judge your countrymen who rob, murder, and destroy an innocent people. You may tell me their light comes from heaven: I denounce it as coming from hell.

"You think my opinions strange; yet what is my creed? I hold peace to be the duty of all men; to be the true policy of the king on his throne and the peasant in his cot. I hold war to be the great curse of man, and pronounce those who promote it as enemies of God and man. These are the revelations made by Manco Capac to my country ages ago. These are the fundamental points of faith in his creed, and these are the bases of action to every true

worshipper of the sun. It was by the observance of this policy that the incas civilized a savage race, and extended their empire from Quito to Araucania. It was through this policy, general as the orb that enthrones Deity, that happiness was spread over the land, that abundance crowned the labors of the miner, the artisan, and the tiller of the soil; and that virtue dwelt in every heart.

“ And now I compare my religion with thine. I compare the worship of the sun which teaches peace, with the worship of the cross which teaches war. Can I hesitate which to prefer? Is it difficult to determine which is true and which is false? which is calculated to bless and which to curse mankind? which is of heaven and which of hell? ”

“ I must say again, ” said Chicama, “ that I am no theologian, and therefore shall not dispute with you on these points. But in determining the responsibility of those who engage in war, it seems to me that you do not consider that it has always been deemed not only lawful, but the very path to glory; it is embellished by every thing that can captivate the imagination and stir the higher emotions of the heart. Heroes are the leaders of armies; their

gallant achievements are the undying themes of minstrelsy. Music inspires the march, and glittering banners float over the long array. Nor is even this all. Kings and princes reward the successful soldier; the holy church goes into the battle, assuring future salvation to those who fall and pronouncing blessings on those who survive. There is even a more stirring motive presented to the youthful soldier than this. Fair dames bestow their choicest favors on him who has shed the most blood in battle. To you, Orano, an aged priest, whose heart is dead to the warm impulses of early manhood, it may seem strange. Yet let me tell you that the smiles of women have more to do in promoting war than kings and priests, the crown and the cross."

As Chicama uttered this sentence, his eye chanced to fall on Runa, and he could not fail to remark a shudder which passed over her frame. Orano, however, replied without seeming to notice it. "You speak of things which I do not well comprehend — of a state of society so monstrous as to shock and confound my understanding. You claim for Europe a high state of civilization; yet, in fact, you represent society as sunk in the deepest barbarism, cherishing,

as the path to glory on earth below and heaven above, the cutting of each other's throats! Those who excel in the trade of shedding human blood are heroes, immortalized by the song of the minstrel, and rewarded by the seductive smiles of woman. To you this may seem a pleasing and harmonious picture; to me it is a fearful and revolting mystery.

“ Yet, if it presents things I cannot comprehend, this is at least clear — that war, the great brutalizer of the human race, is cherished by your kings and priests, by your systems of policy, and by your religion. What must that policy and that religion be which sustain such a system: which bestow the highest rewards on murder, and train even the gentler sex to look with favor on him whose hand is most deeply dyed in blood!

“ And one thing more — as to the responsibility of those who make war. Mankind are very apt to try to shake off individual responsibility, when they act in masses. Yet this is the mere trick of the debauched and debased. Look at an army — a countless throng; they seem one simple machine; yet every individual has a soul, and the

record of every heart rises every moment up to heaven. Let us consider this truth, and we can easily see that every soldier of the mighty mass, is condemned of his own heart and of Heaven. I speak now of those who engage in unnecessary war — in war of invasion, in any other war than for the defence of home and country. The chief responsibility lies, no doubt, upon those who stir up the strife — upon such rulers as begin and promote the contest. These are monsters, though they wear the human shape; and if there be such a thing as future account, heavy indeed is their reckoning. But even those who are seduced into their toils, — the needy, the ignorant, the misguided, — these are voluntary sinners. The light of the human heart cannot be so quenched as to permit any man to engage in unnecessary war without a consciousness of wrong. Every soldier, the lowest and meanest, in such a war, knows better. That man may not shed his brother's blood, is written on every human heart; and every man is a brother till he crosses our threshold to threaten life or liberty.

“ There is another mode by which mankind seek to blind their minds, analogous to that I have

noticed; and that is, by looking at wars in some of its details, some of its seducing incidents, and not at its inevitable results; by dwelling on its pomp and circumstance, its proud arrays, its gaudy decorations, its stirring music, and its gallant achievements, without contemplating its more serious and essential consequences. War is an evil, not only to the conquered, but to the conqueror. Every step is downward. The soldier exchanges a state of freedom for the most absolute slavery. Martial law is the sternest of despotisms, a military officer the harshest of tyrants. In camp the soldier may enjoy his revel, but he learns debauchery and degradation as a recompense. He is taken away from home, from the kindly influence of society, of friends, and the institutions of religion. If he waste not his strength in dissipation, his heart at least is corrupted by vice. Such are the evils which steal upon the soldier, even in his intervals of repose.

“ And what is his situation in the more active periods of service? He is taught to ravage and destroy without remorse, nay, with a feeling of savage triumph. In battle, he takes the chance of life or death : he may sleep for ever, and his scattered

bones be bleached by the sun and wind of a foreign land. He may be wounded, and, after dragging out days and nights of agony, amid dreams of home and kindred, he may expire. And what can solace his mind in this dread hour? Alas! the vulture, that sits waiting and watching by his side, is more merciful than he; for, while he destroyed the living for the lust of empire or gold, the unclean bird will not glut its appetite till the last spark of life has departed from its prey!

“ And then let us think of the conquered town or city. Let us consider the frantic screams of women, as they fly from the brutal soldiery, ready to slay, or worse than slay, those whom every manly heart should desire to protect. Let us think of the desolated hearths, the broken hearts and fortunes, in that devoted place. Go to this scene when the battle is done. Listen to the cries, the curses, the wild ravings of the wretches around, maimed, bleeding, despairing! Oh the thought is too horrible! Still men think they may promote such scenes, and escape accountability! ”

“ And yet, ” said Chicama. “ we see all nations at

war, especially savages. Strife seems indeed to be the natural tendency of man."

"If it be so," said the priest, "a religion which proposes to correct the natural propensities of man ought to teach wiser lessons, and produce a happier state of society. A religion which not only permits, but teaches war, has no claim to the title of divine. A system of policy, which is compelled to cite the example of savages, is not worth defending."

Orano paused, and the party proceeded for some time in silence. They soon entered a broken country; and, as night approached, finding no dwelling near, they took shelter beneath the thick branches of some fir-trees. It was near morning when they were disturbed by a confused noise, like that of the marching of a large body of men. On looking around, they saw a numerous band of Peruvians advancing through the valley in which they had halted. They had scarcely time to arise, when they were discovered, and in a few seconds were surrounded and taken into custody by the strangers.

The party proved to be a company of soldiers belonging to the emperor, Atahualpa, and now going to join him at Caxamarca. They offered no violence

to the three travellers; yet they seemed to regard their discovery and capture as a matter of interest and importance. Orano yielded to circumstances, apparently unconcerned as to the issue of events; but in truth his heart was troubled. Runa was not less disturbed. For a moment she looked at Chicama, and he could discover in her countenance something like an appeal to him for defence; but she immediately drew her mantle closer round her face, and clung to the side of Orano. The whole company now moved forward, and the young Spaniard was permitted to walk with his friends. It was no time for words, and they proceeded in silence, giving each other an occasional look of intelligence or inquiry. At last they entered the city of Caxamarca, where our adventurers were placed under a guard, and conducted to prison.

CHAPTER XII.

The week which followed the events detailed in the last chapter, was the most memorable in the

history of Peru. Influenced by a variety of motives, Atahualpa had consented to an interview with Pizarro. He had heard of the amazing power of the latter, of the feats of his soldiers—their horses described as strange, swift animals, and their firearms, which seemed to wield the thunder and the lightning. He had heard of their irresistible march into the country, and of the failure of every attempt to oppose them. Pizarro had taken care to send messengers to the inca, to say that he was the ambassador of a mighty, but benevolent monarch, in the land of the rising sun; that he was the bearer of a message of peace, if obedience were rendered to his commands, but of vengeance in case he was opposed. Confiding in these assurances, repeatedly given, Atahualpa assented to the meeting which Pizarro urged upon him.

There were, indeed, other motives in the mind of the emperor than those which flowed from the representations of the Spanish leader. His soul was disturbed by a superstitious awe, at the approach of beings so strange as these foreigners were described to be. He could hardly regard them but as messengers from the unseen world, and destined to

fulfil some great purposes of Heaven. To oppose such beings, was not only vain, but a presumptuous defiance of the will of Providence. Beside these considerations, the emperor did not forget those of policy. His dynasty was by no means established. Though Huascar was in his power, his brother, Manco Capac, was still living, and at liberty, and began already to aspire to the throne.

Indeed, many of the people of Cuzco and the vicinity had already declared in his favor. Though Atahualpa had destroyed nearly all the members of the incarial line, some still survived; and he had just heard that Runa, a niece of Huascar, and celebrated for her beauty and talents, with Orano, a priest of such powers as to pass for a sorcerer, were actually on their way to aid in the attempt to place him upon the throne of his fathers.

The camp of the emperor was pitched in the vicinity of Caxamarca. Here he had been visited by messengers from Pizarro, who again assured the monarch of the benignant character and friendly intentions of their chief. These had witnessed with mingled amazement and cupidity the splendor and wealth of the Peruvian monarch and his attendants.

Their persons seemed loaded with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, and the precious metals actually constituted the chief material of their utensils. The effect of the representations of this kind upon Pizarro and his greedy troops, was to render them eager to commence their work of plunder, upon which they were now fully resolved.

While Pizarro was approaching the point of rendezvous, Atahualpa was agitated by many conflicting emotions. Hope and fear, suspicion and confidence, in respect to his visitors, alternately took possession of his breast. A short time previous to the day appointed for the ominous interview, news was brought him of the capture of Runa, Orano, and an unknown attendant. He merely ordered them to be kept in confinement, and proceeded with his preparations for the meeting.

Pizarro had already advanced and entered the town of Caxamarca, a considerable place, fortified by a wall of earth. He had taken possession of a large court between the palace and the temple of the sun, and was thus in a strong position.

Early on the morning of the 16th of November, A. D. 1532, the Peruvian camp was all in motion.

Anxious to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of his visitors, Atahualpa resorted to every art to decorate his person, and exhibit the splendor of his court and camp. The day was far spent in tedious preparations, and it was not till late that he and his gorgeous retinue approached the town of Caxamarca, where Pizarro awaited them.

When they came in sight, their appearance was in the highest degree imposing. Before the sovereign, advanced four hundred men as marshals to clear the way. The emperor, seated on a couch decorated with plumes, and glittering with gold and jewels, was borne on the shoulders of some of his nobles. The officers of his court and his chief attendants followed, being carried in a similar manner. Singers and dancers accompanied the gay and gorgeous procession. An army amounting to thirty thousand men, marching in long array, completed the train.

The inca entered Caxamarca, and came near the quarters of the Spaniards. He was here met by a Catholic priest, named Valverde, the chaplain of the expedition. Pizarro had again and again assured the inca of his pacific intentions; but he had nevertheless determined to attack and capture him, and plunder

his people. This perfidy and falsehood did not hinder him or his priest from acting in the name of their religion, and by the avowed authority of the church.

It may well be imagined that Atahualpa, the monarch of realms that stretched two thousand miles from north to south; of a nation that numbered fifteen millions; of a people whose nobles bowed their heads to the ground in reverence for his person; of a dynasty that had reigned undisputed for centuries, and that claimed to hold their throne as the descendants of the sun—should have listened to the address of the Spanish priest with undisguised amazement, as that functionary proceeded to give a long account of the creation of the world; of the fall of Adam; the death and resurrection of Christ; and the appointment of the apostles. He then stated that the Pope of Rome, named Alexander, was their successor, and, as such, was God's agent on earth. Acting in this capacity, he, the said Pope Alexander, had given all the countries of America, and among the rest the empire of Peru, to the king of Spain!

To enforce the claim thus established, the said king of Spain had sent his trusty servant Pizarro, here present, who now demanded of Atahualpa,

forthwith, that he should adopt the Christian faith and worship, which was the only true religion, and require his people to do the same; and finally, that he should confess himself to be a vassal of the king of Spain!

An address so monstrous shocked the feelings of the Peruvian king, but he behaved with dignity. He replied that he was monarch of Peru by the right of succession, and he could not conceive how a foreign priest or pope could dispose of that which did not belong to him. He said he had no disposition to reject the faith of his country and his ancestors; and as to the strange things told him by the priest, he could hardly understand them, much less believe them, unless he was furnished with some conclusive evidence of their truth and authority.

Upon this, Valverde handed him his breviary, saying, "In this holy book you will find proofs of the truth of what I say."

Atahualpa took the book eagerly, turned over its leaves, and then held it to his ear. After listening for a time, he threw it upon the ground, with an air of disdain, saying, "It is silent; it does not speak to me." Upon this, Valverde flew into a pretended

rage, and, turning to the Spaniards, exclaimed, “To arms! Christians, to arms! Behold, the heathen insults the word of God! Strike down these impious dogs. Strike, for the cause of our holy religion!” The soldiers, already eager to begin the work of plunder, did not need this appeal of the bloody-minded priest. The signal of assault was instantly given, the martial music burst upon the ear, and the cannon, artfully planted to do the work of death, opened their fire. At the same time, volleys of musketry were discharged, the infantry pushed forward, and the dragoons, sword in hand, rushed to the carnage.

Lulled into security by the repeated assurances of Pizarro, the Peruvians were totally unprepared for the onset. They stood for a moment panic-struck, and fell like sheep before the slaughterers. The rest then fled in confusion, pursued and cut down by the Spaniards. Pizarro, with a chosen band, pushed forward to secure the person of the inca. The nobles of the unfortunate monarch crowded around him, and sought to protect him. With touching fidelity, they stood firm, and many of them perished beneath the relentless weapons of the assailants.

The struggle was short, but decisive. For a brief space, the streets of Caxamarca resounded with the thunder of cannon, and the peals of music blended with yells of terror and dismay on one side, and cries of "Strike!" — "Kill!" — "Down with the infidel dogs!" — on the other.

The inca was soon captured by Pizarro, and the Peruvians, learning this fact, fled in all directions. They were, however, pursued by the Spanish soldiers, who seemed to find a fiendish inspiration in the cries of agony and the wailings of despair that came up from the wounded and the dying around them. Alas! the tiger is less bloody than the Christian soldier, when he is let loose upon a foe he has been taught to despise. The soldier, though he may wear the name of Christian, is then no longer a man, but a demon, and does a demon's work. Such is the testimony of history in all ages. Let him who embraces the profession of arms consider well what he is doing!

The contest was over, but the work of death did not cease. The flying Peruvians were pursued and butchered without remorse. Those who resisted and those who begged for life were slaughtered

alike. It was not till the sun went down that the hand of the slayer was stayed. Four thousand Indians perished; yet not a Spaniard was slain. The gold and silver that fell into the hands of the plunderers amounted to millions. Transported with their good fortune, and heedless of the scenes of agony and death around them, the Spaniards spent the night in thanksgivings to God, for the glorious victory he had granted to the faithful followers of the cross, and in bacchanalian revels!

It is not our design to detail the further history of the unfortunate Atahualpa, or the perfidy and cruelty which marked the proceedings of his captors. We need but say that, after a series of sufferings, he was subjected to a mock trial, and condemned to death. Father Valverde added to this doom the denunciation of the church; but he then offered to convert the prisoner to the Christian faith. The soul of the inca revolted at such a proposal, coming from such a source. But the priest, like those of his calling, was deeply skilled in the arts of breaking down the mind; and accordingly he threatened his victim with being burned alive, and consigned to the agonizing fires of hell hereafter, if he refused to

be baptized and to embrace the Catholic faith. The scene presented was one of those dark and fearful passages with which the history of priestcraft abounds. The monarch was wasted to a shadow by suffering and sorrow, but he had still something of the dignity which belongs to a superior mind. Though trained in the habits which attend an exalted station, he was now seated upon the floor of his prison, which was lighted only by the glare of a torch. Before him was the priest, making a last offer to the prisoner.

The struggle in the inca's breast was painted upon his brow. For a long time, he resisted; but at last, shocked and overwhelmed by the horrors that threatened him, he yielded to the pressure, and received baptism. In consideration of his conversion, the monk granted him absolution for his sins, and kindly caused him to be strangled at the stake, instead of being roasted to death by fire, as had been decreed by his judges!

Such is the record which history has left us; and fearful as it is, unhappily, it stands not alone. It is but one among a thousand instances, in which men, wielding the authority of religion, and pretending

to act for God, have made humanity blush. The lesson which these things teach us is, to shun the agents of every system, whatever it may be, who, pretending to act by divine appointment, proceed in a manner for which the words and example of Christ do not furnish explicit authority. Let no priest, or potentate, or power, exercise influence over our minds, who cannot point to the Bible, and show us, there, his high commission!

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now turn our attention to the three adventurers, with whose history this narrative is more particularly concerned. We left them confined in the prison of Caxamarca. They remained there three days, awaiting the action of Atahualpa, and expecting every moment to be summoned to his presence. Knowing the anxiety of that monarch to remove every obstacle in the way of his possessing the throne of

the incas, Orano would naturally have been uneasy at the opportunity that now seemed to be offered for promoting his scheme, by sacrificing Runa, the niece of the murdered Huascar, and of undoubted incarial lineage. But the priest seemed occupied with a superstitious confidence that Atahualpa was doomed, and that the cause of what he deemed legitimacy would prevail. Amid the darkness of the dungeon, he was therefore cheerful ; and, when Runa or Chicama suggested any apprehension, he readily turned it aside.

The three days passed, and the fourth was far advanced, when an unusual sound was heard by the prisoners. At first it was mistaken for the shock of an earthquake ; but the practised ear of Chicama was soon able to detect its cause. "The Spaniards are here!" said he, quickly. An intense interest was immediately excited, and every ear was bent to catch the sounds that reached the prison. A few moments passed, and all was still. The prisoners spent the remainder of the day in vain conjectures as to the issue of the struggle which they imagined to have taken place. Night came, but the jailer did not arrive at his wonted hour.

The following day was far advanced, when the door of the prison was opened, and two Spaniards entered. At first, they gazed cautiously around, and then advanced into the room, their swords being ready in their hands. Chicama and Runa stood aloof in the recesses of the dungeon, but Orano went forward, and was immediately seized by the soldiers. Struck by his appearance, they led him to the door of the prison, when their amazement was still increased. His towering form, his snowy hair, his eagle eye, and his wild, uncouth dress of skins, — all contributed to make him seem something unearthly and prodigious. Nor did his being found in the recesses of a dungeon, diminish the strange interest that his aspect excited. In their surprise, the soldiers forgot to look farther into the dungeon, and immediately took their captive to the office of their chief.

Here he underwent a brief examination; but Orano, assuming the character of a fanatical priest of the sun, easily baffled the soldier. He was therefore turned over to Valverde, who was instructed to make more thorough and careful inquiries of the prisoner.

Valverde was not less surprised than others had

been at the aspect of the Indian sage. He immediately began his examination, and his astonishment was increased by receiving answers in the Spanish tongue. The dialogue was long and interesting. After some conversation, Valverde sought to impress the prisoner with the superior claims of his religion. Orano heard him some time in silence; at last, he replied: "I understand your words and the opinions you utter, and they are not wholly new to me; but I was born a Peruvian, and I have been appointed a priest of the sun. Look at me, Spaniard; I am of a different lineage from thyself, and my faith is as different from thine as the blood that flows in my veins is distinct from that of the Spaniard. You can neither change me nor my religion." "Be not too sure of that," said the priest; "there are powers of persuasion other than those of words. See here," said he, pointing to a rack which stood in the room; "let me apply this, and it will wrench every joint in your body asunder. Can you withstand that argument?"

"Dare you use it?" said Orano.

"God's ministers are empowered," said Valverde, "to use any means which may be necessary to

compel mankind to enter the holy church, and thus obtain salvation."

"I have heard of this," said Orano, "but I have never believed it. Tell me, Spaniard, what right have you to force your religion upon the Peruvian? Is not my mind my own? Is not liberty of thought a part of my existence and birthright? Is it not the gift of God? And dare you, a man like myself, come between me and the Eternal, to take away that which he has bestowed?"

"Hear me," said the priest. "This liberty of thought, of which you speak, is an idle dream. All things on earth belong to God. He has deputed his power to the church and its ministers; that power is committed to me so far as respects yourself. I bear a commission from the pope of Rome, the head of the church; and by virtue of this I have dominion over your soul and body. The first duty of man is to bow submissively to the religion of the cross; liberty of thought is but another name for rebellion and infidelity; no man has a right to form his religious opinions; obedience to the church is the first duty. He who resists is an enemy of God; and it is the duty and privilege of the church to inflict torture,

and even death, upon the body, if it be necessary, to save the soul. ”

“ These are strange words, indeed, ” said Orano. “ Suppose, ” said he to Valverde, — “ suppose yourself in my condition. Your religion seems to me a system of absurdities. You say that your God is eternal; yet that, on a certain occasion, he was killed. You declare that he is a God of love; yet you, his ministers, in his name, do acts which would disgrace a savage. You represent him as a God of justice; yet you, his ministers, take away from man the right to think, the right to his own soul. You say he is a God of peace; yet you, his ministers, carry on war against the innocent and unoffending. You pretend to be civilized, to come from a land of light and learning, and to bring us a better worship than that of the sun; yet we are told that, in one of your religious ceremonies, you eat the flesh and drink the blood of your God; we are told that this is not a mere mystic rite, that it is real blood you drink, and real flesh you eat.

“ This, Spaniard, is the religion you bring to me, and command me to receive it, and threaten to wrench these poor and aged limbs with that fiendish

wheel, if I refuse obedience. Let me tell you that I am a priest as well as yourself. I believe in Pachacamac, the high and holy essence of truth, the Supreme Good. I believe in the sun, his glorious type and minister. I believe that love, and peace, and charity, and good-will to man, constitute the life of religion. I believe this to be the will of God and the duty of man. This was the faith of my fathers. It is the faith of my nation and my kindred; it is my faith; it is woven into the texture of my soul. The light that comes down from the sun, shows me the hill, the mountain, and the river, and I cannot doubt their existence; the light of God shines as distinctly on my soul, and the objects of nature are not stamped stronger on my conviction, than are the religious truths to which my mind is wedded.

“ Now, Spaniard, suppose yourself in my place. What would you do? ”

“ This is mere subtlety,” said Valverde. “ The devil always works in behalf of his friends. I will no longer bandy words with you. I will give you time for reflection. Remain here till the hour of midnight; I will then see you, and if you submit not yourself to the faith of the cross, if you do not re-

nounce your fiendish idolatries, then the rack must do its work. In the mean time, take this crucifix, and let me commend you to a better state of mind." The priest handed Orano the sacred emblem, but he turned from it; and Valverde, with a bitter smile, left the apartment.

Chicama and his fair companion remained in the dungeon for some hours after Orano had been taken thence, uncertain not only of his fate, but of the state of things in the city. They were at a loss how to proceed. They had deemed it best, however, to await the issue of events. But Chicama grew impatient, and determined to gain some information that might guide them as to their conduct. Groping about, he discovered the door, and which, to his surprise, he found unbolted. He sallied cautiously forth, and soon found the court by which he had passed into the dungeon. Stepping across it, he was about to pass into the street, when he was commanded to stop, by a Spanish sentinel. He stood still, and said nothing. In reply to the questions put to him, he continued silent. Being dressed in skins, like a native, he was taken to be one of them; he was therefore conducted to the guard-room, and committed to the care of the officer.

The sentinel, at the same time, stated that the stranger had come from the prison, and if search were made, other persons, who had secreted themselves during the battle, might be found there. This hint was followed; and, in a short space, two soldiers returned, bringing Runa with them. It was evening, and the room was faintly illuminated by a single torch. The appearance of the Indian maiden, rendered more striking by the red, waving light, attracted the attention of the officer in the guard-room. After gazing at her for a few moments, he left the place, but returned at the end of a short time. He then conducted Runa and Chicama through a long passage. On reaching an archway hung with curtains, they paused for a few moments; at last, a soldier appeared, and bade them enter. The scene that now presented itself was striking. The room consisted of a long hall, at the extremity of which were a number of Spanish officers, who seemed to be engaged in animated conversation. In an opposite corner of the apartment was a man of middling size, his countenance peculiarly marked with traits of energy and ferocity. By his side was a priest in earnest conversation with him.

Chicama understood the whole scene at once. His disguise saved him from detection; but he instantly recognized the personages around the room. It may well be believed that the situation in which he found himself was not a little embarrassing. His first thought was to go forward and declare himself; but knowing the character of his countrymen, he became anxious for the fate of Runa, now separated from Orano, her proper guardian. She seemed, indeed, to be thrown upon his protection, and he determined to wait and be guided by circumstances.

While engaged in this course of thought, his ear was attracted by the conversation which was passing between the two persons already pointed out, who were no other than Valverde and Pizarro. Listening for a few moments, he learned the position of Orano as we have already described it. The priest had come to report the case to Pizarro, and take his counsel. After hearing the story, Pizarro said, impatiently, "Do as you will; this is your job, and not mine."

At this moment his eye fell upon Runa, who had been conducted near him by the officer on guard. He instantly arose, came near the maiden, and gazed

intently upon her for a moment. He then said, quickly, "Whom have we here?" The officer explained that she had been found in the same prison from which the white-haired priest had been taken. "It is very curious," said Pizarro. "Who are you, lady?" Runa waved her hand to intimate that she did not understand him. Running his eye down her figure, the Spanish chieftain seemed excited with strong emotions of curiosity. Laying his hand upon the sash that bound her mantle across her shoulder, he unloosed it, and drew the garment aside. His surprise was great when he beheld the attire of the maiden. A robe of the finest and most delicate fur, and of a silvery white, covered her form from the neck to the feet. Around her waist was a chain of gold, finely wrought, and studded with jewels of many colors. From her neck, and resting upon her breast, was suspended a golden image of the sun, the rays being formed of rubies.

Pizarro was not the only person whose interest was excited by the aspect of the Peruvian maid. The eyes of Valverde seemed riveted upon her form, and especially upon the sacred emblem which hung at her breast. "I see, I understand it all," said he

to Pizarro. "She is a priestess of the sun, and is an associate of this arch deceiver, this priest of the prince of darkness, of whom I have just been speaking. Will your excellency turn her over to me, to deal with her as the interests of religion and the church require?"

Pizarro cast a sneering look at the priest, and repeated his last words in an ironical tone. "Ha! as the interests of religion and the church require! Nay, nay, holy father," said he; "these multiplied duties are becoming burdensome to one of your years. You take care of the priest, and leave the maiden to me!" He waved his hand with authority, and the priest departed, though with evident reluctance. Pizarro spoke to the officers, and they also went away. He, with Runa and Chicama, was now alone in the apartment. He was evidently embarrassed for a few moments; he then approached Runa and offered to take her hand. She drew back and folded her arms, seeming, unconsciously, to assume an attitude of dignity and defiance. Pizarro hesitated, thought a few moments, and then proceeded to the door, and called for his interpreter. The man soon came : he was a Peruvian, and instantly noted



the emblems which indicated the royal lineage and religious character of Runa.

“Who is this?” said Pizarro, directing his attention to her. The Indian seemed to hesitate. “Speak to her,” said Pizarro, who had become impatient. “Ask her who she is, what is her name, why she is here.” The interpreter did as he was directed, and Runa replied with a frank avowal of her name and character. Pizarro’s eyes glistened as he heard the recital; for he seemed at once to appreciate the advantages which might be derived from having in his possession a maiden belonging to the princely lineage of the incas. His heart seemed touched, also, with the singular beauty of the Indian princess. Assuming an air of indifference, however, he ordered the maiden to be dismissed, and, at her request, directed that she should be placed in an apartment near to Orano.

During this scene, Chicama had scarcely been noticed. Purposely standing in the shadow of a projecting wall, he was still a keen observer of what had passed. He now fully understood the danger which attended the priest from the bigotry of Val-

verde, and the still more fearful evils which threatened Runa from the savage arts of Pizarro.

Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he slipped out of the hall unnoticed, determined to peril his life, if necessary, to save these two persons in whom he had become interested. Standing in a position to be unnoticed himself, he saw Runa conducted to her apartment, carefully noting the entrance. Seeing the interpreter depart, he moved toward him, and made a signal, which attracted his attention. The Peruvian entered a dark archway that led out from the yard, beckoning Chicama to follow him. Obeying this summons, the latter advanced, and both were soon lost in the dusky shadows of the place.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Peruvian, followed by Chicama, proceeded in silence till he had reached the exterior wall of

the town. He now looked back, fixed his eye upon Chicama for a moment, and then went forward. Passing through a breach in the wall, he entered upon a rocky declivity, occupied by a few stunted trees. The moon was now shining, and the interpreter, as if solicitous of concealment, chose a route as much as possible lying within the shadow of projecting rocks and trees.

As he advanced, the scene became more wild and desolate. On one side, running along upon the verge of a steeping cliff, was the wall of the town. On the other, the rocks shelved downward to a wooded valley, which now seemed like a lake, reposing far beneath the foot of the mountain. At last, coming to a point of a rock, which projected over the abyss, the Peruvian paused. Chicama approached, but at some little distance. Observing the strange, wild aspect of the place, he hesitated a moment, but after reflection he went forward, and stood by the side of the Indian.

The latter was the first to speak.

“ You have signified a desire,” said he, “ to have some conversation with me. What now is your will? ”

“ You are a Peruvian ? ” said Chicama.

“ I am, ” was the reply.

“ Well, ” said Chicama, “ as such, it is impossible that you should not respect those whose veins are filled with the blood of Manco Capac. ” He paused for a reply, but the Peruvian only said, “ Proceed. ”

Chicama continued. “ As a Peruvian, you must have a reverence for the worship of the sun, and those that administer at its altars. ” Again the Spaniard paused, to see the effect of his words. But the countenance of the interpreter was cold as marble, and afforded not the slightest indication of any feeling within. After a short space, Chicama went on.

“ It is obvious that you are acquainted with these two strangers who have arrived at Caxamarca, and are now in the hands of the Spanish chief; you cannot be indifferent to their fate. Will you not make an effort for their deliverance? ”

A smile now passed over the countenance of the Peruvian, and he spoke. “ I am the interpreter of Pizarro. What is there in me which has led you to suppose that I could be made the dupe of

some shallow trick, or, at best, the abettor of an idle intrigue? The black eye of Runa has kindled the fire in a young man's bosom, and he expects me to assist him in gratifying his wishes. ”

Shocked at this interpretation of his conduct, Chicama replied, fiercely, “ Dare not to speak such words as these to me. I am a true man, and have no purposes but such as I avow. Say nothing of Runa which is unworthy of an inca's daughter, or a priestess of the sun. ”

“ Brave words! ” said the Indian, sneeringly; “ but I have learned that words are wind. You are a Spaniard; yet you are here in the disguise of a Peruvian. You appeal to me as a Peruvian, and seem to count upon my patriotism; yet you are here plotting and counterplotting against your countrymen. This is a riddle, yet easily solved. You are a young man, and Runa is beautiful.”

Irritated by this, Chicama stepped forward, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Peruvian. The latter seized Chicama, in return. Firmly grappled, the two stood for a moment, first gazing at each other, and then casting a glance into the

dusky abyss which yawned beneath them. The Indian was the first to speak.

“ Do as you please, young man ! ” said he ; “ hurl me down the precipice, if you will ; but you shall go with me ! If my limbs shall become a feast for the vulture, he shall feed also on thee ! ”

“ I am wrong, I am wrong, ” said Chicama, after a moment’s reflection. “ Your suspicions are natural. It is proper I should explain my situation. Yet how can I trust one whom I find in the service of Pizarro ? ”

“ I know not how it may be, ” said the Peruvian, “ with the white man ; but the surest way to win the confidence of an Indian is, to repose confidence in him. ”

“ That is just and natural, ” said Chicama. “ I will confide in you ; if you betray me, I shall find means of revenge. Listen, for I will now tell you my story. I came to Peru in Pizarro’s train. One night I wandered from my comrades, and met with a company of priestesses of the sun. Attracted by curiosity, I came near to them, when one of their guard despatched an arrow which laid me bleeding upon the ground. I should have perished but for

the interference of Runa ; through her care I was taken to a place of safety, and treated in such a manner as insured my recovery. I need not detail the course of subsequent events. It is sufficient to say, that I became acquainted with Orano, and, through him, with the high lineage and sacred character of the Peruvian maiden. I have travelled through the country, and have seen something of the manners and customs of the Peruvian people. I have seen and noted the desolating march of the Spaniard. 'I must confess the truth — I abhor the conduct and career of my countrymen. I see that they have come to a country smiling with peace and plenty, but to ravage and destroy. I see that they have come hither, professing to bring a pure and holy religion to the benighted heathen, yet using this only as a cover for the basest cruelty. Missionaries of God they pretend to be ; but they are the slaves of avarice, and every evil passion. Whatever may be the consequence, my purpose is fixed ; I will never serve again in the bloody train of Pizarro ! I would sooner leap from this rock, and leave my bones to bleach in the wind. Having deserted my troop, I can never return to Spain.

From my country I am henceforth an exile. One duty I have to perform : for the rest I have little care. I will make an effort to save this princess from the tiger in whose power she now is. ”

The interpreter watched the countenance of Chichama with intense interest, while he uttered these words. At the close he said, “ You have spoken nobly, young man ; and though you are a Spaniard, I doubt not you have spoken truly. Your confidence in me shall not be reposed in vain. I serve Pizarro as an interpreter, but no further. I will aid you in an attempt to deliver Runa from her present peril. But let us enter this cave, where we can talk more freely. ”

CHAPTER XV.

Passing on a few steps, the interpreter turned an angle of the rock, and stooping a little, entered a natural arch which proved to be an opening to an

extensive cavern. Chicama followed and the two were soon standing in the cave. A long conference now took place between them; it was finally agreed that the interpreter should proceed to the castle, learn the state of affairs, and bring back intelligence as speedily as possible to Chicama. Upon this errand he immediately departed, and in about an hour, he returned and informed Chicama of an interview he had witnessed between Valverde and Pizarro. In this the latter avowed his intention of seeking the hand of the Peruvian maiden. He said that Cortez had been greatly aided in his conquest of Mexico by the beautiful Marina; he believed it would be sound policy for him, in a similar manner, to employ the favor and services of Runa. As to Orano, Valverde was to use him as an instrument to bend the will of the princess to the chieftain's wishes.

Chicama could scarcely restrain his indignation on hearing this detail; nor was his alarm less excited. He knew the fierce character of Pizarro, and the unscrupulous nature of the priest. He felt that any means that might be necessary for their purpose, however cruel they might be, would be employed without hesitation or remorse. Yet what could he

do? His chief hope was now reposed in the Peruvian.

The subject was fully canvassed, and several plans were proposed. It was finally determined to wait until farther information could be obtained, and means suited to the emergency could be devised.

In the mean time it was agreed that Chicama should remain in the cave. Before leaving him the interpreter informed him that the cavern was of great dimensions, and communicated by artificial galleries with the castle. As they had no torch, it was impossible now to explore it. The interpreter suggested that perhaps the best method of effecting the escape of the priest and princess would be by this communication; but it would require assistance. Upon this and other matters, he promised to obtain information and took his leave.

Our adventurer being left alone in the cavern sat down upon a rock and gave himself up to thought. The place was gloomy, and imparted a gloomy tinge to his reveries. For a time, he anxiously revolved the recent events connected with himself, in his mind. He then dwelt upon the perilous condition

of Runa, and the white-haired priest, Orano. Turning at last, from these topics, he began to reflect upon his own strange position. Far away from his native country,—separated from those he had been accustomed to love,—he was also separated from his companions in arms, his countrymen, those with whom he had come to this distant land. He was in a state of opposition to them, and was engaged in counteracting the schemes and designs of their leader.

These things pressed heavily upon his heart. To relieve his feelings he arose and walked forth from the cavern into the fresh air. His spirits revived a little, and his mind took a different turn. “Why,” said he to himself, “should I pursue these wild and absurd adventures? Why detach myself from my friends and associates, and connect my fortunes with this Peruvian maid, and this fanatic priest? Am I prepared to separate myself from my country forever? Shall I turn my back upon Spain, its arts, refinement, and religion?”

While these things were passing in the mind of the wanderer, a large bird rose heavily before him, and flew to a short distance. He, however, pursued

his walk, but he shortly came upon a scene which struck him with indescribable horror. Just without the wall of the city, a fresh excavation had been made in the earth. This was filled with the dead bodies of those who had been slain a few days before, in the attack of the Spaniards upon the Peruvians. The ghastly heap rose high above the surface of the ground; and here were seen the forms of men, women, and children, bloody and mutilated, crushed together in one confused and putrifying mass. On the stones around, the vultures sat brooding by moonlight, gorged with the feast they had made the preceding evening, and ready to renew their revel with the dawn of day.

With indescribable disgust, Chicama turned suddenly back and retraced his steps. "This, this," said he to himself, "is the work of Spaniards! Of Spaniards, too, with the cross inscribed upon their banner, and the priest and his prayer-book in the van. What had these poor Indians done, to offend them? What crime had these men, these women, and these children, committed against the king of Spain, or the Holy Church? Nothing, nothing! They have fallen, the innocent victims

of that raging thirst for gold which now animates Pizarro and his band. Alas! how cruel, how fearful is their work! Worse than the very vultures, they destroy the living form, while these foul birds wait, and only feast upon the insensible body. Oh! I am almost ready to curse the very name of Spaniard; to forswear my country, and to renounce its religion. I will, at least, make an effort in behalf of this Peruvian maiden. She has once saved my life. I will peril mine, if need be, to save hers. ”

At this point of his reverie Chicama returned to the mouth of the cavern. He entered it, and was soon buried within its shadows. He sat himself down and remained for an hour; the minutes seemed to drag on heavily. He became impatient for the return of the interpreter. He again waited for some time, but no one came. He arose with a feeling of uneasiness, and walked farther into the cavern. The floor became rough and broken, but he still passed on. He was soon beyond the dim light which entered at the mouth of the cave. The darkness was intense; and a silence like that of the grave rested upon the place. Chicama paused; a kind of

awe crept over him, and he was about to return. At this moment his feet slipped and he fell forward. He was instantly plunged to a considerable depth, striking at the bottom upon the naked rock. Stunned and bewildered, he was for some minutes unable to rise.

At last, with a strong effort, he stood up ; gathering his thoughts as well as he could, he began to consider his position. It was indeed appalling. There was not a ray of light to direct his course. Feeling around, he perceived that he was encompassed by a mass of jagged rocks. He was afraid to move, lest he should be engulfed by some abyss, that might lie around him. A sense of horror and a feeling of dizziness began to come over him. At the very moment he was about to give himself up to despair, a flash of light passed through the dungeon, and a shrill, piercing scream came upon his ear.

Chicama instantly knew the voice ; it was that of Runa. His thoughts rallied in an instant. She was in danger ; she was beset ; he must fly to her relief. The rays that had glanced through the gloom, had given him a momentary view of the surrounding objects, and the path that led to the place from

which the voice had issued. Rough and broken as it was, Chicama hesitated not a moment to proceed in that direction. Guided by a wavering light which shone through a crevice, he at last reached what seemed to be the wall of the castle. He listened, and heard sounds within. There was the heavy tread of men, and the echo of rough voices; sighs and groans followed, mingled with curses and imprecations.

Chicama was able, at first, only to conjecture a part of the truth. But an incident soon occurred which unfolded the whole scene to his view. By a movement of the men within, a loose stone in the wall was removed, and through the crevice which was opened he could survey the scene. Valverde had put in execution his terrific threat. Orano had refused to renounce his religion and accept baptism from the hands of the Catholic priest. He had accordingly been subjected to the rack; he now lay stretched out upon the frame, his joints wrenched from their sockets, and his whole form displaying the most fearful agony. Two soldiers stood by the rack, and appeared to be working the machine, at the bidding of Valverde. Runa was

leaning against the wall ; she seemed to be fainting, and was partly supported by Valverde. At the same time he addressed her. " You can save him still, " said he ; " he deserves nothing but punishment here and hereafter. He adores the sun, and not the Virgin. He kneels to one of the heavenly bodies, and not to the cross. It is in mercy to his soul that he is here tortured upon the rack. Yet even this shall cease, if you will comply with the wishes of Pizarro. Be his bride, and Orano shall go free. "

Runa shuddered, but she did not speak. Valverde turned to the men at the wheel, and they were about to apply their strength to increase the agony of the victim, when they were suddenly arrested by the voice of Chicama, " Fiends ! murderers ! stay your unholy work ! " At the same time, impelled by frenzy, he seized upon a projecting stone in the wall, and, wrenching it with all his force, it gave way, and fell to the earth with a crash. Several other masses followed, and in the opening thus made, Chicama stood before the occupants of the room. Dressed in skins, and wild with excitement, he suddenly confronted the Spaniards at the wheel. The

strange image seemed to strike them with supernatural horror; they let go their hold, and rushed from the room. Valverde dropped the arm of Runa and also fled. Flying from the place, under the idea that a trick of sorcery had been wrought upon them, they left Chicama in full possession of the room. While he hesitated an instant what to do, he saw torches flashing from the cavern. In a moment, the interpreter and two attendants appeared.

A brief explanation followed. The lacerated form of the priest was gently disengaged from the rack, and borne through the opening in the wall to the cavern below. Runa followed, assisted by Chicama. After they had proceeded some distance, the party paused. Some skins were thrown upon the ground, and the form of the priest was laid upon them. He still breathed, but continued for some time in a state of insensibility. At last his eyes opened, and he looked around. Seeing Runa, he beckoned her to him. She knelt down, and he spoke to her in a low tone. “Priestess of the Sun!” said he, “It is all over! Orano must die!” “Oh, no, no!” said Runa; “You shall not die! You are now safe. The young

Spaniard has delivered us. See, here are friends, Peruvians, around us!"

"No, no," said the priest, "my hour is come. The shadows of death are falling around me. My visions have proved vain; my hopes have bewildered me. The doom of the incas is hastening on. Atahualpa is the prisoner of Pizarro. Huascar's fate will soon be sealed; already, as you know, has the order for his death been issued. Other fearful events stand fulfilled before my vision. The descendants of the incas will be cut off; the temples of the Sun will be crumbled in ruins. Fly, Runa, fly! Spaniard," said he, turning his eye upon Chicama, "be thou her guide and protector; her hope must be in thee. He who watched over her youth, and instructed her in the holy ceremonies of the altar; he who has been to her as a father and spiritual monitor, can watch over her no more. Bury me in this cavern; here my bones shall repose in peace. As Heaven frowns upon Peru and its religion, it is fit that its priest should sleep where the rays of the sun can never enter. Runa, farewell! Fly, fly to the mountains! There, and there alone, is peace."

The spirit of the priest departed. His form was

buried in a hollow of the cavern. For his friends and followers, all around was terror and gloom. A curse seemed to have fallen on the members of the incarial family. Huascar was murdered by the order of his brother, Atahualpa. The latter soon after perished by the orders of the perfidious Pizarro. Following the advice of Orano, Chicama and Runa fled. The interpreter was their guide and they took their way toward those mountain heights, which rise to the clouds in Southern Peru. Here the distinct records of history end. We must close our story with a vague tradition that Chicama and Runa found a peaceful retreat in the mountains, where they spent the remainder of their days. They were joined by several members of the incarial family, and finally their number was increased by others to a considerable village. They reared a temple, where Runa, true to her virgin vows, continued to officiate at the altar: Chicama followed externally the same worship, but his mind often turned upon the doctrines of that religion in which he had been educated: and when he died, the Peruvians, in compliance with his request, placed a cross at the head of his grave.

THE SOLDIER AND THE BLIND FIDDLER.

Once upon a time, in a far off country, two travellers met at an inn. One was a blind musician who wandered from place to place, amusing the people with his fiddle. He was attended by a little boy, who always walked at his side, and guided him on his way. The other was a stout, rough soldier, armed with two pistols, a cutlass and other weapons.

The musician and the soldier fell into conversation, and finally the latter, feeling very big, began to poke fun at the poor fiddler. Now you must know that it was a chill winter night, and many persons had gathered at the inn, some being travellers, and some people of the place. The soldier finding that he had

an audience, began to tell large stories about his exploits. He boasted very much of his courage, and at the same time, he kept making fun of the fiddler. He even went so far as to cast jeers and gibes at the fiddler's boy, and amused himself with whirling his sabre round his head.

Some of the people were amused at this; but most of them felt that it was mean and cowardly thus to insult the unfortunate musician and to trifle with the feelings of the boy. Still as the soldier was a big, blustering fellow, they looked on and said nothing, till a tall man, who sat back in the crowd, arose, came forward, and said that he looked upon such conduct as mean and cowardly. At these words the soldier flew into a rage and declared that he would run his sword through the body of any one who called him a coward.

Upon this the tall man said : “ Sir soldier, you pretend to have a great deal of courage; but I believe you are a coward because you insult this blind fiddler, and a brave man never offers insult to the unfortunate. Now, I have a proposal to make to you. Near by, at the foot of the mountain is a wild rocky dell, called the Wolf's Den, because a great

many wolves have been seen there, and at night they make a terrible noise in the woods. Now, you and the fiddler shall pass through this glen, and here is a purse of fifty dollars which shall be given to him who shall come off best in the adventure."

At this proposal the company shouted with approbation and applause. The soldier affected to despise the proposition, and scoffed at the idea of having his courage brought into comparison with that of the fiddler. But the more he seemed averse to the trial, the more the people insisted upon it. At last the fellow was really forced to accept the offer, and accordingly, looking well to his weapons, he set forth and marched toward the Wolf's Den. At his side went the Fiddler and his boy.

It was a clear moonlight night; yet the pass was so narrow and sheltered by overhanging rocks, that it was there quite dark. As they entered the place, they began to hear strange noises. "What is that?" said the soldier trembling from head to foot. "It is the wolves!" said the musician. "What do you intend to do?" said the soldier. "I shall wait till they have eaten you up," said the man, "and then I shall fiddle to them." "Do they like music?"



said the soldier. "Very much," was the reply. "Then you will fiddle for both of us?" "Yes, if you will confess yourself a coward."—"Not yet; let us see how it is likely to come out."

The cry of the wolves came nearer and nearer, and pretty soon it filled the valley. Then one dusky, shaggy brute was seen galloping along in the moon light, while two or three others advanced in the shadows at his side. The soldier was a real coward, so he ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. The fiddler mounted upon a rock, put his boy behind him, and began to play. First he gave a lively tune, and the wolves looked at one another and at the fiddler, not seeming to have made up their minds whether to like it or not. Then he played a solemn tune, and they all sat upon their haunches like so many dogs. The musician plied his bow; but at last he got a little tired and stopped. In an instant the wolves advanced with their jaws wide open and their white teeth glistening in the darkness. The poor man saw that his audience had not enough, so he fiddled away for at least two hours. By that time they began to yawn, and one by one they galloped off to their holes in the rocks, while he re-

turned to the tavern. The soldier had got there before him, and declared that the fiddler was killed and eaten up. Therefore he claimed the wager. Just as the tall gentleman was about to present it to him, in came the fiddler! This gave a new turn to affairs. The musician received the purse, and the soldier was taken to a pump by the people, and they pumped upon him till he begged for mercy. It was no doubt a good lesson to him; and I hope and trust it cured him of the very bad habit of boasting of his own exploits, and insulting the unfortunate.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS SON.

Well, my young friends, here we are again around the comfortable fireside! How pleasant it is when autumn creeps upon us and the air grows chill, to shut the door, bar out the weather, and amuse ourselves by innocent sports or pleasant conversation. When one is snug and safe in his own house, he can find enjoyment in laughing at the troubles and dangers without. It is now November, a rough, rowdy month; but I think we can even find something amusing to say about it. Let us try.

November is a sort of middle-ground between the extremes of heat and cold—winter and summer. These two seasons, at this point of the year, appear to meet and engage in deadly battle. Let us suppose

ourselves on the top of some high mountain to witness the strife.

The weather, if you please, is warm and soft, and a blue veil is hung over the landscape. The forest is indeed brown, and has a sad and desponding aspect. The leaves are, for the most part, fallen, and those which still cling to the branches, are withered and dead. The grass is also dead, except in a few places, where it lies in tangled and matted masses, half yellow and half green. The flowers have fallen victims to the frost; the leaves, heaped into the glens and hollows, give evidence that the winds have begun their work of desolation.

Yet to-day, it is warm and soft, and the Indian Summer is in its glory. The morning rises fair, though the sun, seen through the haze, looks red, and sheds but a subdued light over the world. At noon, the sky is still unclouded; but by two o'clock, heavy masses of clouds are gathered in the west. They grow darker and stretch out their wings to the right and to the left. In a few hours they encompass the sky, and the winds begin to sigh and moan in the forests. The tops of the tall trees shiver and bend and writhe as if wrestling with some

angry demon. The soft mist is gone, and none can tell us whither. And the warmth of the air is gone too, and a chill breeze comes puffing and flouting us in the face.

And see! the leaves are leaping aloft in the air. Now they race through the sky; and now they whirl in circles, and seem like myriads of insects, chasing each other. Hark! 'tis the noise of the tempest! How deep and solemn is its moan! See yonder! the whirlwind is crossing the open plain. You can trace its form by the mighty pyramid of whirling leaves, reaching from the earth to the clouds. It takes its course toward yonder solitary oak. It is there — it throws itself upon the sturdy tree! How the monarch of the plain bends and writhes and groans! How its branches crack, as if it were a bullock, or a stag, in the jaws of a lion! And see its leaves, torn off and scattered to the winds!

And now the whirlwind is passed, but look at that giant oak! Its strongest branches are broken off, and lie scattered at its feet. Its garniture of leaves is gone; the smaller twigs are peeled, rent, and crushed, and the whole aspect of the tree is

that of mourning and desolation. All the glories which it received from summer are destroyed; the tempest has prevailed. The conquered oak is now but a witness to the victory of the season of storms!

The winds now seem to come from the four quarters of the heavens, and for a time appear to meet and wrestle like mighty champions, overturning and crushing every thing beneath them. The clouds sympathize with the winds, and drive through the heavens like giant kings in their chariots, or demons flourishing two-edged swords, or dragons with forked tails, or antediluvian crocodiles, many leagues in length, and all going to battle!

But a change comes, and the north wind prevails; and now the rain falls, driving in sheets, and descending in floods to the earth. And now it grows cold, and see! the rain is frozen, and falls in hail and sleet. And now the whole air is thick with descending snow. Alas! alas! the battle is over; summer is vanquished, and will return no more, for the year. It is gone—with its birds, its music, its flowers, its verdure, its gentle pleasures, its soft fancies; and winter is coming, nay, it is here!

Dear, dear,—how cold it is. We can't stay upon the top of this mountain any longer, boys and girls! Let us go home — swift as the wing of fancy can carry us. Here we are, safe and sound! And now, John, shut that door; stir the fire, Bill! Draw my chair up, Susan. Come — come — one and all, — let's sit down! Now bang away as much as you please, old Blusterer. You can't open the door, or dash in the window. Here we are, snug and comfortable, in spite of Winter. Nay, old Icicle, we will set you at defiance. If you come in here, we will put you in this blazing grate, and melt your nose off. Keep your distance, master Winter! You may have all out doors, as we can't help it; but home, dear, comfortable home, is ours still; and here we will enjoy spring, or summer, as we please, in spite of you.

Come, boys and girls, what shall we have — a story, or a game?

“Oh, a story, — a story, — a story!” — is shouted on all sides.

Well, I will give you a story, and as I always like to suit my words to circumstances, it shall be a tale of the season. Here it is :

There was once a very rich man by the name of Hard. He lived in a fine house, and was surrounded with every luxury. His table was set with the choicest dainties, his floors were covered with the richest carpets; he was served with the finest wines, the most delicate fruits, the most fragrant spices. He was a merchant, and had ships upon all the great seas of the globe. He was looked up to as a great man, yet he was not happy. Shall I tell you why? Listen to the tale I am about to tell.

One cold November evening, Mr. Hard was going to his home, on foot. His route led him along a street, at the head of which was a lumber-yard. As he was passing by a heap of boards, he saw a youth, pale, ill-clad, and wasted, as if with disease. The snow was falling, and the aspect of the sky boded a stormy night. The youth was partly sheltered from the storm by the overhanging boards, but he seemed unable to stand, and was lying or reclining upon some pieces of lumber.

As he saw Mr. Hard approach, he made a great effort, rose to his feet, and clasping his hands together, said, in a faint voice, "For heaven's sake,

sir, give me help!" He then staggered and fell to the ground.

Mr. Hard passed on, saying to himself, "What wretches these drunkards are!" And so he went home and sat down to his meal. The fire shone brightly upon his hearth; the grate was clean and polished; the rug was rich and soft, and presented, in glowing colors, the picture of a horn of plenty, with oranges, and grapes, and figs, poured out in luscious heaps. And the lamp, shedding its light through a gorgeous globe of glass, displayed the rich furniture of the room—the damask curtains, the costly pictures, the well set tea-table. And the merchant sat down to his tea, and the hissing pot gave forth its beverage, and the silver sugar bowl yielded its sweet, and the silver cream-pot added its cream, and the merchant took his tea; but he was not happy, after all.

Mr. Hard was a lonely man, for his wife was dead, and his only son was a vagrant and a wanderer upon the earth. The father had been so busy in making money, that he had not found time to attend to the education of his child—his only child. He was not indifferent to the happiness of the boy; nay, he was

to be his heir; and the father looked upon him as the future support and pride of the Hard family. But he made a mistake; he thought riches all that was necessary to insure happiness, honor, and fame, and so he went on adding to his wealth, and overlooking the education of his only child.

It is true he sent him to school—to the best school. He gave him every advantage that kind of instruction could afford; but his mother was dead, and the boy was never taught that truth, honor, sobriety, temperance, and piety, are the groundwork of good character and happiness in life. Both the father and the son thought that riches were sufficient to carry any one through life, and they acted accordingly.

Young Benjamin Hard was not worse than other boys, brought up in a similar way; nay, he was naturally good tempered, kind hearted, and agreeable. He had excellent abilities, but he said to himself, “I shall be rich as a Jew; let poor boys study and work, and be honest; these things are necessary for them; but I can do as I please.” And so he did as he pleased. He spent a great deal of money, he kept bad company; he drank deeply; and at

seventeen, he had become a complete rake. His father was a violent man, and, in a fit of rage, he drove the youth out of his home, forbidding him ever to return. The boy was of a decided temper, and, resenting his father's conduct, he entered on board a vessel and went to sea as a common sailor.

For two years young Benjamin was not heard of by his father, and the latter was led to believe him dead. He often thought of his son, and, perhaps, reproached himself for neglecting his education; but of this I am not sure, for very rich men are not apt to think they can do wrong. But, at all events, Mr. Hard felt the loss of his child, and sometimes asked himself, “When I die, what will become of this vast estate?” And then he felt that his plan of life was folly, and even his riches failed to give him pleasure; nay, they caused emotions of disgust or vexation. And thus, the rich Mr. Hard, the envied Mr. Hard, the proud Mr. Hard, was not happy. Nay, he was a miserable man, conscious of having played the part of folly in life, conscious of having missed the true end of existence. He had no self-respect, no sources of enjoyment, in his own bosom.

He was rich in cash, but poor, miserably poor, in the treasures of the soul.

And I am sorry to add, that Mr. Hard grew no better as time advanced. He grew more rich, but, at the same time, more selfish and more hard-hearted. And his son, poor Benjamin, what of him? After two years of absence, he arrived at the city of his birth. He had lived a dissipated life, and his health now began to give way. Just before his arrival, he had suffered from fever, and as he came ashore, he was weak and could scarcely walk. But repentance had entered into his heart. Fully aware of his errors and follies, he said to himself, “ I will arise and go to my father, and I will ask his forgiveness, and I will hereafter lead a life of virtue.”

He went ashore with these feelings, and he wrote a letter to his father, to prepare the way for his return. He then went into the street to put the letter in the post-office. Having done this, he set out to return; but he became faint, and found momentary shelter beneath a pile of boards. It was bitter cold, and he was chilled to the heart; he felt that he should die, unless he could have immediate help. He saw a person coming along the street,

and, with a desperate effort, he said, “ For heaven’s sake, sir, give me help ! ” The man looked at him a moment, and passed coldly on. He heeded not the call of the sufferer. As he went away, the youth discovered that it was his father. His emotions overwhelmed him—he sank down upon the earth—the snow fell, and covered him in a winding-sheet.

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In the morning, the letter was received from the post-office by the father. He read it; his heart was softened, and he was ready to receive his prodigal son. But ere night came, he learned that his son was found beneath a heap of boards, wrapped in snow, and cold as the pillow on which he lay.

And the father knew that it was his own son who had begged for help, in a moment of extremity, and the father had not given it !

Can Mr. Hard ever be a happy man? Never. Of what value is wealth to the hardhearted and self-condemned? Let us not envy those who are rich without virtue; those who have only money, and no goodness, charity, or liberality. They are all members of the Hard family; and whatever cover they may wear, they are still objects of pity or contempt.

And let us remember another thing. A single act of kindness may save a life; and even if those who claim our pity or our help are not our children, still they are children of somebody. They belong to the great family of man, and are our kindred. Let us think of these things, and, rich or poor, beware of that cold habit of turning a deaf ear to the cry of suffering and sorrow, which the hard-hearted world is apt to cherish.

FLINT AND STEEL.

Would you like, gentle reader, to see two Boston Boys, as they were in the days of the Revolution, almost a hundred years ago? Of course you would, and I wish I had their portraits, to show you, but as I have not, I can only tell you how they talked, how they acted, and how they felt. In this way I can give a pretty good idea of them.

Every story has its beginning, and ours begins at Cambridge, about four miles north-east of Boston. If you have not seen this place, I commend it to you to go there as soon as possible; for it is a very pleasant city, and many interesting things are to be seen there. In the first place, there are the college buildings, of which there are six or eight, and some

of them are handsome. The library is considered a fine edifice, and it has books enough to keep a man reading all his lifetime, even if he lived as long as Methusaleh. And all these college buildings are situated in the midst of shady trees, and are surrounded by a bright green lawn, where you may see the students playing or walking, when not engaged in their studies.

And then the college buildings are enclosed by very handsome squares and streets, and the sidewalks everywhere have a most inviting look. If you follow one of these sidewalks which leads to the west side of the city, you will come to a large house, which has in its aspect a very agreeable mixture of the olden and the modern time. It is well painted and in excellent repair. The fences all around are substantial, and in perfect order. There is a small yard in front of the house, and here are a few trees and shrubs and flowers. Near by is a handsome garden.

Every one who passes this house, looks at it with interest, because it appears so respectable, so comfortable and so ancient. It is evident that it has been built near a hundred years, which is a very

long time in the swift annals of our young America ; and more than this, it has had excellent keeping. All around, the dwellings appear to be new, or at least modern, in comparison with this stately house of which I am speaking. It is clear that other houses have formerly stood beside it, and have gone to decay and given place to others, while this remains.

And so it is a very interesting building, merely on account of its looks : but I have something more to say about it. We must go back a great while—to the year 1775, at which time the war with England had just broken out—and imagine ourselves here, in front of this same building. It was standing then, and, I suppose, had the same form and dimensions that it has now. We must suppose it to be the second day of July, the weather being hot and the sun shining very brightly. At a short distance, in the street, was a row of elms, and at the time of which we speak, some hundreds of people were standing or reclining beneath these trees. In front and in the road, was a long line of men, dressed in every variety of country costume, with guns in their hands : they were commanded by officers, some of whom had on regular military dresses.

Every one seemed to be waiting rather impatiently for something, and all turned their eyes along the Brighton road, as if they anxiously expected somebody to come from that direction. We may as well say that they were waiting to see General Washington who was about to arrive and take command of the American army then assembled around Boston; that city being in the possession of the British under General Gage. At this point of time, two youths were sitting side by side in the fork of a large old cherry tree, in the midst of the scene. They had a fine view of all that was going on, and, at the same time, they could talk themselves without being overheard. The conversation between these two, as nearly as we recollect, was as follows :

Jerry Flint. I say, Ben, how did you get clear of the red coats at Boston this morning?

Ben Steel. Bah!—I asked 'em to let me go a-fishing; they said nothing, so I got into my boat and sculled over here to see the show.

Jerry. It's too bad, ain't it, for Gen. Gage and his rascally soldiers to keep Boston all to themselves, and shut the people up there, as if they were a herd of cattle?

Ben. Yes—it's too bad, indeed; but I expect we'll drive 'em out soon.

Jerry. How? They say there's ten thousand men there.

Ben. Yes—but there are fifteen thousand in Cambridge, and Charlestown, and Roxbury.

Jerry. I know that; but the British are so well armed. Their guns and swords shine like the blade of a new penknife. And they march so finely! They know all about war, while our people come down from the country, with their long-tailed, linsey-woolsey coats and skunk-skin caps, looking for all the world as if they were dressed up for a farce-play. You remember the day of the battle of Lexington: well, when the British troops passed by here in the morning, I ran behind, just to see what was going on. I trotted along, and followed clear up to Lexington. Well, when we got to the meeting house, we found some men there, Americans, who pretended to be militia. There wasn't one of 'em who had a soldier's dress on, and the captain himself wore a butternut colored coat, with leather breeches. I was right along side of Major Pitcairn, who was splendidly dressed, and mounted on a fine black

horse. When he saw the rebels, as he called 'em, I thought he would split his sides with laughing. I really felt a sort of shame to see the poor figure we cut along side of the British.

Ben. Was you up to Lexington?

Jerry. To be sure I was!

Ben. Well, I was there too. I knew eight hundred men had marched out of Boston toward evening, and the next morning I set off after them. Father told me he expected they were going to destroy the powder and other things at Concord. I knew something about all that, for father and I had loaded seven waggons with powder, bullets, and cannon ball, covered 'em over with manure, and taken 'em to Concord. I had driven the team up three times myself.

Jerry. Who told you to do that?

Ben. Do you expect I'm going to tell secrets? Mum's the word, Jerry, in Boston, among the Sons of Liberty. However, I tell you that there are men at work there, day and night, right under old Gage's nose, and he don't smell the rat—a miserable old puss that he is.

Jerry. Well, but what did you do at Lexington?

Ben. O, Pitcairn fired his pistol at the men near the meeting-house, and the soldiers fired too. Seven were killed and almost every body was frightened and ran away. I said to myself, “ ‘taint all over yet;” so I kept a good distance, and followed the red coats on to Concord. Pitcairn thought it was a nice frolic, but by and by, the tune changed. The Americans, in spite of their long-tailed coats, had good lead and a straight aim. Their rusty old firelocks spit the bullets in the faces of his majesty’s troops, in a most impudent fashion. They kept behind the fences, and trees, and houses, and all that the British could do was to trot toward Boston, their men and officers dropping down along the road by hundreds. I was hid in the joint of a rail fence, right in the midst of it, when Pitcairn came riding by, puffing, and sweating, and swearing, in a terrible fashion. I got right up—for I couldn’t help it, and said to him—“ So, Major, you’ve got into a hornet’s nest, I guess.” “ You young dog,” said he, “ take that,” at the same time he fired his pistol at me. I dodged, and the bullet stuck in the rail over my head. I cut it out with my penknife, and here it is!

Jerry. What a harum-scarum rogue you are, Ben! And is this really the bullet old Pitcairn fired at you? The thief!

Ben. Well—that wasn't all; I kept along with the British, and late at night I got back to Boston. They staid here, at Cambridge. If Lord Percy hadn't come out to their rescue, Pitcairn's whole troop would have been cut to pieces, and that too, by these very fellows with longtailed coats, and leather breeches, armed only with rusty old firelocks. As it was, they killed and wounded four hundred of the red coats. I guess the laugh is on t'other side now.

Jerry. Why do you suppose, Ben, that the Americans can stand up against the British—against the King, and the Parliament, and all that?

Ben. At any rate they'll try. Didn't we whip 'em at Bunker Hill?

Jerry. No—we had to retreat.

Ben. After killing four of their men to one of ours, and we only had to give out, because our powder fell short. If it hadn't been for that, we would have driven Lord Howe back to Boston, and played the rogue's march at his heels. I tell you, Jer-

ry, we'll beat 'em, and for two good reasons : in the first place, this country is ours, and was meant for us by the Almighty, and he will take our part. Our people pray, and these rascally red coats only swear, and take the name of the Lord in vain ; and do you expect he is going to put down his friends and set up his enemies ? And, beside all that, father says that this General Washington who is coming here to-day, will teach our people to fight, and that, in less than six months, Boston will be cleared of these robbers.

Jerry. Well, I hope it may be so ; but my father says he's terribly 'fraid that we shall be all cut to pieces.

Ben. Well, what does your mother say ?

Jerry. Oh, she goes in for fighting.

Ben. She's not afraid, then ?

Jerry. I guess not. Why, don't you know she came from Pomfret, where Old Put lived ?

Ben. No — did she ? Did she know Old Put ? Did she ever see the hole where he killed the wolf ?

Jerry. To be sure she did : I've heard her tell the story forty times. You'd have thought she was there, and had seen it all — she tells it so well.

Ben. How I wish I had been there! Let me tell you one thing, Jerry. I'm determined to go to Pomfret and see that very cave where Put killed the wolf. I shouldn't die easy without having seen it.

Jerry. Well, I'll go with you.

Ben. When? When?

Jerry. Next month!

Ben. Agreed!

Jerry. Agreed; but hark! — what a shout they are making. See yonder! Oh, it's General Washington! He is coming, he is coming!

We must now permit our two boys to get down from the cherry tree, and scamper away with the crowd, to see General Washington, who very soon arrived, and was received by the troops. After a time he retired to the very house we have been describing, and for more than a year it was his headquarters. On this account the building has a historical interest, and every stranger who visits Cambridge desires to see it.

If any of my young readers, excited by this brief account, should go there, and desire to see the interior of the building, I have no doubt they will be permitted to do so. The person who now owns and

inhabits it, is an amiable gentleman, and at the same time very celebrated. He is not famous, like Washington, by means of the *sword*, but by means of a much humbler tool — the *pen*. He has written many beautiful poems, that have given pleasure to millions of minds, and cherished a love of truth and virtue in millions of hearts. You need only ring the bell, and when somebody comes, you will inquire for Mr. Longfellow, for that is the name of the gentleman I allude to. If he ask who sent you, you may say I did.

But I have not yet done with Jerry Flint and Ben Steel. In the dialogue which you have just read, they agreed to go to Pomfret the next month, to see the place where General Putnam killed the wolf, and this arrangement they actually fulfilled. I must tell you about it; for, as I said, I wish to give you some idea of the Boston boys, in the stirring times of the Revolution.

Now you must know that Ben Steel was the son of a waggoner in Boston, who got his living by carrying loads of various kinds from one place to another; while Jerry Flint was the son of a blacksmith also living in Boston.

They had been educated in the town schools, and not only knew how to read and write and cypher, but they had learned something about history and geography. They had read about the early settlement of the country, and how the people of New England, in those ancient days, had suffered from the Indians and wild beasts. They had read about the wars with the French and Indians, which began in 1754 and ended in 1763. They had read about General Putnam, who lived at Pomfret, in Connecticut, and fought in the French and Indian wars, slew a famous wolf and performed other wonderful exploits, so that he was almost as celebrated in those parts as Hercules was in ancient Greece.

And thus, these boys had a great deal of knowledge, especially about their own country. The days in which they lived were days of excitement, for the great war had just begun, and every body shared in the stirring influence of those events. The men, the women, and the children read, thought and talked about the war; and so we see that our two Boston boys, Flint and Steel, when they heard that General Washington was coming to take command of the army at Cambridge, were among the crowd. We see

also that their minds and their conversation turned upon the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, which had just taken place, and that Old Put and the wolf story were thus brought to mind. One of the boys, as we have seen, proposed to go and visit the place where this adventure took place, and the other agreed to go with him. This may sound strange to boys of our day; but you must remember that our youthful heroes lived in times very different, in many respects, from our own.

After some weeks, they obtained the consent of their parents, and being each supplied with a wallet of bread, some sausages and about half a dollar in money, they set out. Each carried a bow and a quiver of arrows, and they were attended by an active and intelligent terrier-dog, named Spot.

The two boys felt very large as they set forth, for not only is youthful imagination apt to exaggerate every thing, but they were going to see Put's Cave, which to them was equal to the temple of the Philistines pulled down by Samson. They took their way through Dedham, and had a great time along the road, for Spot was all alive for a hunt. He kept constantly leaping over the fences and scour-

ing the thickets. He gave chase to every squirrel that peeped from the stone walls, scampered along the road side, or chattered from the branches of the over-hanging trees.

At evening they had reached the beautiful village of Medfield, having travelled fifteen miles — a good journey for the first day. As they were passing along through the street, they saw a large brown house, with three spreading elms before it. As it looked like a very comfortable place, they went to the back-door and enquired who lived there. Being told that it was Parson Saunders, they asked to see him.

Pretty soon an old man came to the door, and the boys told him their story. He received them very kindly, and gave them a good supper. When this was done, he talked with them very pleasantly ; after that the family were all called in, and they knelt down. The old man prayed; he prayed for the members of his family, and asked the Lord to bless them in life, in death, and in eternity. He prayed for the two youths providentially under his roof, and asked that they might be guided on their way, and returned in safety to their parents. He prayed for the flock over which he was set as a pastor; he prayed

for the town, the State and the whole country. Here his voice faltered, his lips trembled, and his tones for an instant seemed choked. Then his words flowed in deep, touching cadences. "Oh! Lord of hosts," said he, "we thank thee that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! With Thee right is might. Have mercy then upon this land, this land injured, wronged, and now bleeding beneath the heel of the oppressor! Take part with thy people in this their dark hour! Turn the heart of the proud king and the haughty parliament to peace and justice! Yet if they should harden their hearts, and if they will not stay their hand, may the wheel of battle pass over these men of blood; may the waters cover them as they covered Pharaoh and his host!"

After the prayer was done, the boys were conducted to a good bed, though it was in a small room without plaster or paint. The next morning they were awakened by the noise of a drum, and upon going into the street, they saw a company of soldiers consisting of people of the village preparing to go to Boston, to join Washington and the American army. They were farmers, mechanics and tradesmen with their sons, shoulder to shoulder, going to the defence of

their country. Wives, mothers, sisters were there, furnishing their friends with needful articles, saying farewell, and amid tears and caresses, giving words of confidence and encouragement. When all were drawn up, a roll of the drum commanded silence; the good Parson Saunders invoked upon them the blessing of heaven, and they departed on their way. At the same time our two boys taking the opposite direction, proceeded on their journey.

The weather was very bright, warm and pleasant, and as the travellers entered the woods, about six miles from Medfield, the birds and the squirrels seemed to be enjoying a kind of holiday. It was the beginning of October, that most charming season of our New England climate. The early frosts had just touched the leaves of the trees, and the forest was all glowing in yellow, red and purple. The birds had reared their families, and now the old and the young were joyously glancing from tree to tree, singing merry songs or revelling in the harvest of seeds and insects. The squirrels were all alive; some were sitting aloft in the limbs of the trees with their tails over their backs, eating nuts. The little striped squirrels were gliding about on the

ground and filling their cheek-pouches with hazel-nuts, or beech-nuts or chesnuts, which they deposited in their holes as a supply for the winter.

When the boys found themselves in the midst of these scenes, they strung their bows and let fly their arrows. They did little execution, however, and after a hunt of five hours their entire game consisted of a striped squirrel, a cat bird and two red-thrushes. Just as they were about to quit the woods and pursue their journey, they saw a gray squirrel, bounding in long leaps, upon the ground. This is a beautiful animal, and when seen in his native forests, his tail like a banner streaming in the wind, he is a very striking object. The boys gave chase and the squirrel ascended a large oak tree. At the distance of about thirty feet there was a hole in the trunk, and both boys thought he entered it.

Jerry immediately took off his coat and shoes and stockings, and ascended the tree. Very soon he reached the hole and thrust his hand in to catch the squirrel. It was very deep, but at length he exclaimed, "I've got him!" He then pulled out his hand; but behold, instead of a squirrel he had caught a black snake! For a moment Jerry thought of

leaping to the ground, and Ben, seeing what he had got, cried out : “ Jump, Jerry, Jump ! ” Fortunately the boy had too much presence of mind, so he shook off the snake, though the fellow had coiled close around his arm. The creature fell to the ground, and being very active, disappeared in the bushes before Ben had time to despatch him. Jerry descended, quietly observing to his companion : “ Afore you put your hand into a hole, Ben, always take a look and see what 's there ! ”

They now left the forest, and proceeding on their journey, they reached Woodstock just at evening. As they came to the little plain on which the meeting house stood, they noticed a new house painted red, by the street side. Here they knocked and a severe looking man, with a bald pate, came to the door. They asked for lodging and he went to ask his wife about it. Pretty soon he came back with his wife, followed by six children, boys and girls all the way from seven to fourteen years old. As if to make up for the old man's want of hair, they each seemed to have a half bushel of light yellow curls turned and touzelled in every direction.

After a long examination of our two heroes, it was

agreed that they should be received hospitably. Their host was the shoemaker of the town, and though a little sour in aspect, he was a good fellow. The supper of the children consisted of bread and milk, with peaches crumbed in. To this was added some hot hasty-pudding, well buttered and sauced with molasses. The finish consisted of a dish of apple sauce, to each. Before and after the meal, the shoemaker said a long grace.

Our two boys were put into the bed of the two elder sons of their host, who cheerfully turned out and slept on a blanket by the side of their visitors. They all had a talk together about Putnam and the wolf and a great many other things, and finally they fell asleep.

In good season the next day, our travellers were on their road, and late in the afternoon they came to a farm-house standing a little back in a field. Here they saw a man ploughing, and going to him they told him that they were on their way to see Old Put's Cave, and as it was now near sunset, they wished to know if they could have lodgings in the house. The man was rather thick-set and red-faced, with a bullet head and short neck; yet he had a blue eye

full of good humour, and when the boys told him their story, it twinkled with fun. He spoke to them kindly, told them to go to the house and wait for him; he should soon unyoke his cattle, and would then go there to give directions as to their reception.

Here they spent the night, and the next morning, the man hitched a pair of fine horses to a waggon, and took in the two boys; after a drive of a couple of miles, they came to a rugged hill side, where huge rocks lay piled one upon another. In the face of these was a yawning chasm, two or three feet in width, and reaching to such a depth as to exclude every ray of light. To this the man pointed and said, “there is Old Put’s Cave!” *

The boys gazed in and around for a long time. At last, drawing a full breath, Jerry said to the stranger: “The story is true then,—Old Put really did kill the wolf, as the book says?”

“Yes”, was the reply.

“And this is really the very spot?”

“Yes.”

“And was you here when Old Put killed the wolf?”

“I was.”

“ And did you see him do it? ”

“ I did. ”

“ Oh, that I had been there! It must have been a great time. We have no wolves now. Ben and I have come all the way from Boston, and we have seen nothing bigger than a gray squirrel.”

“ It was very different when I was a boy, near forty years ago, ” was the reply. “ Wolves, foxes, raccoons and even bears were in the woods then. Wolves were so common that in the midwinter they would sometimes come prowling around the houses at night, and even attack travellers, if they chanced to meet them in the woods. They beset the sheep in the fields, and often came to the barn-yard after them. The she-wolf that Old Put killed, is supposed to have slaughtered over a hundred sheep in Pomfret, Woodstock, and the neighboring towns. She was often seen, and being long, lank and shaggy, almost every body knew her. She was at once very bold and very cunning.

“ On one occasion two boys were driving a sleigh through the woods between here and Woodstock, when they heard a howling behind them; they looked back and saw three wolves pursuing them. They

whipped up as fast as they could, but the hungry brutes kept at their side, and threatened to jump into the sleigh. The famous she-wolf was one of them; she got right in front and tried to seize the horse by the nose. However the boys slashed away with their whip and gave them such severe cuts, they were glad to keep out of their way. After a chase of two miles they came to the village, where the wolves thought it best to quit."

"Well, those were brave boys; I should not wonder if one of them was Old Put."

"I believe he was one of them."

"I thought so, and I guess t'other was one of the Put family. Well, I have got half a dollar, and that is all the money I have, but I'd give that and ten times more if I had it, just to get a look at the old fellow."

"They say he has just been to Boston."

"Yes, he has been to Boston, and he and Washington are going to get up a plan for driving Gage and his ten thousand red coats to Halifax; but just now they say he is at his house here at Pomfret, arranging his farm, so that he may be absent for the war."

The stranger only nodded his head in reply. After

a stay of an hour in which both Jerry and Ben insisted on creeping to the bottom of the cave, and seeing how Putnam put his gun to the nose of the wolf and fired, and how he kicked his legs and was drawn out by the heels, and how the wolf was found dead—after all this, the party entered the waggon and they returned to the house.

As the two boys were about to depart, the stranger put a letter into their hands, addressed to “George Washington, Commander in chief of the American Army, Cambridge.” He then asked them if they would deliver it speedily. They promised to hasten back as fast as possible, and faithfully to execute the commission. But as they were about to depart, the stranger said :

“ Suppose you were to fall into General Gage’s hands, what would you do with the letter?”

“ Would you like us to give it to him?” said Jerry, with a cunning look.

“ On the contrary,” said the stranger; “ it must be read only by the person to whom it is addressed.”

“ Never fear then,” said Jerry; and as he was about to depart, he observed — “ when you see Old

Put, give him that : it's only two half dollars, but it is all Ben and I have got. If it was fifty times as much he might have it."

"What shall I tell him it's for?"

"Oh ! it's to help along the war. Father and mother say that the country is desperate poor, and the king of England is rich as a Jew. Every little helps some, as widow Mite said when she put a copper into the charity box. All the boys and girls in Boston have given up eating sugar plums, so that their coppers may buy powder for Washington and Put."

The blue eye of the stranger filled with tears, for a moment. He then replied : "No, my boys, I will not take your money. You need it for your journey."

"There you're mistaken," said Jerry. "We have come here without spending a penny on the way. Nobody asks us for money—we can get back as we came."

"Well, well," said the stranger. "As you desire it, I will see that General Putnam receives the money. It will at least serve to cheer his heart, as it testifies the depth and sincerity and devotion, with which the people enter into this fearful struggle." He then asked for the letter. This he took, added a

hasty postscript and handed it back, saying : “ God bless you, my boys! Farewell! ”

We shall not enter into the details of the homeward journey of our two friends. Influenced by the wishes of the stranger, and having an impression that their message to General Washington was important, they returned more rapidly than they came. Just at evening, on the fourth day, they were approaching Cambridge, when they suddenly met four dragoons in the British uniform.

They stood aside to let them pass, but the soldiers stopped and asked them several questions. At last one of them said : “ Ah! I think I remember one of you — is not your name Flint? ”

“ It is, ” was the reply.

“ Well, I know you are a clever fellow. You have been to see general Washington’s batteries at Roxbury, I suppose? ”

“ No; we have been into the country. ”

“ Come, come, my lad, no dodging! Tell us where you have been, and we will give you a crown. ”

“ Give us the money first, ” said Jerry.

“ Well, there it is, ” said the man, handing him

a bright silver crown. "Now let us hear all about it."

"Well, we have been into the country as I told you. The first day we got to Medfield and stayed with Parson Saunders; he gave us ham and eggs for supper, and prayed the Lord to send the king and parliament to Jericho, as he did Pharaoh and his host. The next morning we shot a chip-squirrel and caught a black snake. Then we went along and went along—and—and—"

"Come, come, my lad," said the soldier, "this won't do. It seems, like every body else in this country, you have a natural turn for lying; so we'll take you to General Gage and he'll get the truth out of you. As to the other boy—he looks too stupid to be of any use to us. But you must jump up behind me, and you shall have a ride to Boston, gratis."

This was no sooner said than done : Jerry was mounted behind the soldier and rode off at a round gallop. At length they came to a small creek which they were obliged to ford. In passing this, Jerry slipped from the saddle, and as it was very dark, it was not observed till he had gained the bank and hidden himself in some bushes. The troopers

made a slight search, but being now near the American lines, they deemed it best to beat a retreat.

Jerry soon emerged from the thicket, and coming to the high road, pursued his way toward Cambridge. He now felt in his pocket to see that the letter was all safe, and being satisfied on that point, he took out the crown and looked at it carefully. After a time he said : “It is good, although it has a wicked old head on it. I must say that these red coats pay well, for beside giving me a crown, this fellow has taken me a mile on my road.” He then chuckled to himself as if enjoying the joke.

He waited a short time for his companion and as he soon came up they proceeded to Cambridge. They readily found access to Washington and delivered the letter. Having read it, he said :

“I thank you, my lads, for this : it is most important, and you have made good despatch in delivering it. Do you know who it was that gave it to you?”

“No indeed ;” said Jerry, “he did not tell us his name.”

“It was General Putnam !”

Both the boys started with surprise. “And he

tells me," added Washington, "that he feels interested in your welfare. If I can ever serve you, pray let me know."

The boys departed and reached home that night; and afterwards, many a time, even when they had grown to manhood, they told of their adventures in going to see Old Put's Cave.



THE AVALANCHE.

THE AVALANCHE.

Switzerland is a land of wonders. Its lofty mountains, some of them capped with everlasting snow, rise over deep tranquil valleys, intersected by rushing streams and often presenting the most charming lakes. Mount Blanc, the loftiest peak, is a sort of Goliah among mountains—the best known and the most formidable of all. Lake Leman is at once the fairest and the most celebrated of lakes.

It would seem that a country so broken into ridges and precipices and so covered with glaciers could hardly be inhabited. Yet Switzerland has a population of more than two millions of people, and they seem as much attached to their wild country as if it were the fairest and the most fruitful spot on the earth.

Among the wonderful phenomena of this region are the avalanches—huge masses of snow and ice, which rush from their foundations and plunge into the valleys and gorges beneath. They are of several kinds—some being masses of drifting snow set in motion by the wind; some are heaps of snow rolling over and increasing in size as they descend; some consist of large fields of snow sliding in one mass from their bed; some are enormous bodies of ice, either rolling or sliding from their foundations.

Travellers who have been in Switzerland, and have witnessed these amazing operations of nature describe them as at once terrific and sublime. They often descend with a noise like the report of artillery, and not unfrequently bury whole villages beneath their stupendous masses. Sometimes a valley is buried thirty or forty feet deep in snow, which does not disappear till late in the following summer. Travellers are thus often overtaken and overwhelmed, herds of cattle are buried, houses and their inhabitants are overlaid and often destroyed.

A few years since, a single house, standing at the foot of a steep mountain, was suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow and buried to the depth of

thirty feet. The inhabitants heard the report of the mass loosed from its bed and descending from cliff to cliff, above. Startled by the ominous sound, they rushed from the house, leaving an infant in the cradle. They were all separated in their flight and buried apart from one another. The snow however was light and they were able to breathe. The man worked his way back to the house; but it had taken him fourteen hours, yet when he got there, he found the infant safe in the cradle !

He then began to seek for the other members of his family. Having found a shovel, he was able to work rapidly and to advantage. At a distance of seventy feet, he found his wife still alive, but faint from the want of food, she having been in the snow nearly two days.

All the other members of the family were found except a boy of about four years old. After intense labor for ten days they gave up the search, concluding that he was dead; for even if he escaped perishing from the cold, he must have been famished from the want of food.

They excavated passages from the house to the stable where they found their two cows, and they also

discovered three goats after they had been buried for nearly a fortnight. These were found standing together, and in order to subsist they had eaten off all the hair from one another!

Beneath the mass of snow the family lived till the spring; they had made galleries from one place to another, like the streets of a city; and it was not till the month of May that they were delivered from their prison. Even then, the snow lay in masses of eight or ten feet in depth. It was however so solid as to permit them to walk upon it. They now went to find their neighbors who lived in a valley immediately below them. They found them still alive, and to their unspeakable joy and surprise, they here discovered their missing child who had been borne away by the snow of the avalanche, and deposited near the door of the cottage in the valley. He was entirely unhurt though benumbed with cold. After some care he was restored, and remained with his new friends, till spring permitted his parents to go abroad and hold communion with their neighbors.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

I.

JANUARY.

Month of frost and month of snow,
Let your biting breezes blow :
Bind in chains the trembling river,
Bid the forest moan and shiver,
Pile the clouds in blackening heaps,
Lash to foam the briny deeps;
Riding on thy snowy drift,
Hurl thy arrows keen and swift;
Make the traveller mend his pace ;
Give the lagging school boy chase ;
Bid the farmer house his cattle ;
Make the loosened windows rattle ;
Down the hollow chimney roar ;
Down the spout the hail-storm pour ;
Puff and blow at open door ;
Bite poor goose's crimson toes ;
Tingle poor old Towser's nose ;

Mid the crockery make a clatter;
Crack the pitcher, break the platter —
I forgive thee—'tis no matter—
For thou bringest NEW YEAR'S DAY!
With its merry snow ball flinging,
With its merry sleigh-bells ringing,
With its skating, with its sliding,
With its joyous down-hill riding !

II.

FEBRUARY.

Down, down the snow
Is falling slow,
Powdering the bald-pate trees;
With myriad flakes
A blanket it makes,
Over the sleeping leaves.

Fierce now the blast!
The snow flies fast,
And whirls in many a spray —
Wreath chases wreath,
O'er hill and heath,
Like spirits in their play.

Jack frost is out,
And drives about—
The white drift for his sled—

Loud roars the gale—
The child turns pale,
And hugs his trundle-bed!

The storm is past,
Gone, gone the blast!

The moon shines fair and bright—
Come, girl and boy,
With shout of joy—
We'll have a slide to-night!

III.

MARCH.

March is like a child,
Now gentle and now wild;
To day the soft winds blow,
To morrow it doth snow.

March is like a rill,
Now roaring and now still:
To day the blast is stinging,
To morrow birds are singing.

March is like a cloud,
Now bright and now a shroud:
To day the warm rain falls,
To morrow we have squalls.

March is like a bear,
With sharp claws and soft hair:
To day it's rough and wild,
To morrow, all is mild.

IV.

APRIL.

March is gone like lion roaring,
April comes in torrents pouring!
Down the steep roof let it rush,
Down the hill-side let it gush,
Welcome with your sunlit shower,
Come to wake the sweet May-flower!

Patter, patter, let it pour!
Patter, patter, let it roar!
Let the gaudy lightning flash—
Let the headlong thunder dash—
'Tis the welcome April shower
Which will wake the sweet May-flower.

Patter, patter, let it pour!
Patter, patter, let it roar!
Soon the clouds will burst away—
Soon will shine the bright spring day,
And the welcome April shower
Will awake the sweet May-flower!

Ah! the sun is shining out:
List the school boy's joyous shout!
See the birds all northward winging—
Hear the blue bird's tender singing!
Hark! The busy hive is humming,
Spring is come, or spring is coming.

V.

MAY.

MERRY.

Where hast thou been for many a day,
Since last we parted, month of May!

MAY.

That's a question, Mr. Merry,
Very hard to answer—very!
Tell me where the rainbow hides—
Tell me where the zephyr bides—
Tell me where the sunbeam stays—
Where goes the candle's parted blaze—
Where we shall find the echo's bed—
Where the wild sea-wave lays its head—
Tell me this, and tell me true,
And I'll freely answer you.

MERRY.

Pretty May, thy wit is keen—
But on thy lip a smile is seen—
Thou hast thy joke—now, prithee, say,
Where hast thou been, sweet month of May!

MAY.

Far southward—o'er the hill and dell,
Where rivers wind, and forests swell—
Where buds are bursting into flowers—
Where birds are nestling in their bowers—

Where music comes from bush and tree —
Where new-born honey feeds the bee —
Where boys and girls are out a Maying —
There — there I've been, and there I'm staying.

VI.

JUNE.

The sun shines fair o'er flood and field,
And all around is leaf and bloom —
The meadows now their harvest yield,
And zephyrs waft their sweet perfume.

The rivulet saunters smooth and slow,
Mid bordering grass and stooping flowers:
The birds are whispering soft and low
To young ones in their thicket-bowers.

The gabbling goose with pensive air,
Leads forth her goslings o'er the lake,
While quacking duck and ducklings, there,
In silent bliss their muddle take.

The busy hen, neath sheltering shrubs,
Plies swift and strong her vigorous claw,
And feasts her brood with unctuous grubs,
Raked forth from scattered leaves and straw.

Sweet, tranquil June! of all the year,
The brightest, fairest month art thou:
Summer's first glories, all so dear,
Are wreathed around thy sunny brow.

The young — the old — they love thee best —
Thy sun, thy shade, thy breath, thy showers —
Thy tranquil day, thy gentle rest,
Thou, placid, soothing month of flowers.

VII.

JULY.

Midsummer month—the farmer's hope and fear,
Season of burning sun and thickening bower,
Of parching drought that crisps the ripening ear,
Of pealing thunder and of dashing shower.

What though thy mornings weep with dripping dew,—
The coming noontide drinks the vital air,
The burning landscape quivers to the view,
As if etheread flames its surface bare.

Now droops the herd beneath the forest bough,
The lolling ox along the furrow drags,
The ploughman follows with a streaming brow,
And in his path the languid school-boy lags.

Yet still the golden harvest waves afar,
Or sinks beneath the rustic reaper's hand,
Or loads the heavy wain whose groaning jar,
Bespeaks the plenty of the joyous land.

VIII.

AUGUST.

Languid the pulse of nature flows,
Like yonder shrunken, winding stream —
Yet every where, a fever glows,
That will not let you sleep or dream.

By day, the flies insult your nose,
By night, the sly mosquito stings —
Or if perchance you fondly doze,
He wakes you with his elvish wings.

If you would take the evening air,
Some beetle bangs you in the face —
If to your pillow you repair —
Why, sleep is in some other place !

'Tis said the dog-star rules and reigns,
His fiery brain on mischief set, —
If you'd escape his woes and pains,
Eat light, keep cool, and do not fret !

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

Sweet month, I'm glad to meet thee,
With all my heart I greet thee —
I love thy very name,
I love thy deeds, thy fame,

Thy grapes in bunches clinging,
Thy pears in hundreds swinging,
Thy peaches full of nectar,
Thy berries which perfect are,
Thy apples sweet and juicy,
Thy melons rich and sluicy :
I love thy very looks,
Thy air, thy lawns, thy brooks—
Thy birds of varied feather—
The young and old together,
Now feasting and now singing—
Now resting and now winging—
Thy landscapes somewhat sober,
Thy forests like October;
Thy hills in azure dressed,
Thy vales, like regions blest;
That gentle spirit seeming
From out thy bosom beaming
Half Autumn and half Summer—
A smiling, pensive comer—
Making, as all remember
With gratitude, September!

X.

OCTOBER.

See, the gaudy flowers are fled—
Rose and lily, all are dead ;
The forest leaf is sere and yellow,
But the fruit is ripe and mellow !

Summer came with rosy bloom,
Breathing incense and perfume;
But she leaves the field to me—
Gentle friends, come here and see!

There hangs the grape, and there the pear,
The apple swings abundant there,
And hark! in yonder wood I hear
The rattling nut, to childhood dear.

You say, perchance, that I am sober—
A melancholy, grave October,
But still you eat my fruit, I see,
And thus, methinks, make love to me!

And mark—the yellow Indian corn
In groaning waggons homeward borne—
While beets, potatoes, turnips—still
October's gift—your cellars fill.

And see, o'er yonder hill and plain,
The mild and tranquil season reign;
Your garners full, your hearts at rest,
By smiling peace and plenty blest.

What though the forest yield its leaves,
What though the stricken meadow grieves—
Still house and home are full and fast—
So let old Winter blow his blast!

XI.

NOVEMBER.

The summer departed,
So gentle and brief—
Pale Autumn is come
With its sere yellow leaf:
Its breath in the vale,
Its voice in the breeze,
A many hued garment
Is over the trees!

In red and in purple,
The leaves seem to bloom —
The stern slayer comes —
It hath spoken their doom !
And those that may seem
With rubies to vie—
They tell us that beauty
Blooms only to die !

Yet sad as the whispers
Of sorrow its breath,
And touching its hues
As the garment of death,
Still autumn, though sad,
And mournful it be—
Is one of the dearest
Of seasons to me !

Come — look on the landscape
Now mantled in blue,
By the soft Indian summer
Thrown over the view—
How tranquil, how pensive,
The hushed bosom's bliss,
Communing with nature
In seasons like this!

Come, come to the forest,
Now silent and lone—
Its minstrelsy hushed,
The minstrels all flown :
Yet a spirit is breathing
The echoless air,
And it speaks to the spirit
That worshippeth there!

Come, come to the forest—
The winds are awake—
The leaves drift in eddies—
The groaning oaks quake—
Oh list! for a voice
Of heavenly tone,
Would wake in thy bosom.
Thoughts deep as its own!

XII.

DECEMBER.

Who hath killed the pretty flowers
Born and bred in summer bowers?
Who hath taken away their bloom?
Who hath sent them to their tomb?

December!

Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away?
Who hath hushed their joyous breast,
And made the forest still as death!

December!

Who hath chilled the laughing river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild windsblow?

December!

Who doth ride on snowy drift
When the night wind's keen and swift—
O'er the land and o'er the sea—
Bent on mischief — who is he?

December!

Who doth strike with icy dart,
The way-worn traveller to the heart?
Who doth make the ocean-wave—
The seaman's home—the seaman's grave?

December!

Who doth prowl at midnight hour,
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping,
Through the very key-hole peeping?

December!

Who doth pinch the traveller's toes?
Who doth wring the school-boy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh bells jingle?

December!

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